i'm so impatient when you're not mine by bebe8s

Series: hourglass [2]
Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King
Genre: Alternate Universe - College/University, Alternate Universe - Modern Setting, Alternate Universe - No Pennywise (IT), Anal Sex, Angst, Background Relationships, Beverly Marsh & Richie Tozier Are Best Friends, Biphobia, Bisexual Richie Tozier, Blow Jobs, Cheating, Dream Sex, Drunk Sex, Drunken Confessions, Eddie Kaspbrak is Bad at Feelings, Eventual Smut, Gay Eddie Kaspbrak, Heartbreak, Love Confessions, M/M, Masturbation, Mike Hanlon is a Good Friend, Not Beta Read, Pining, Richie Tozier Loves Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier Needs a Hug, Richie Tozier is Bad at Feelings, Richie Tozier is a Mess, Soft Richie Tozier, Underage Drinking, Wet Dream, and also lots of advice, benverly and stanlon (eventually), but like not on each other, eddie/omc and richie/ofc are both rather minor and just there to propel the story ok, only one line tho and not by any of the losers, richie kisses a random girl at a party, they are both just terrible at communication ok
Language: English
Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, The Losers Club (IT)
Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak/Original Male Character(s), Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Mike Hanlon/Stanley Uris, Richie Tozier/Original Female Character(s)
Status: In-Progress
Published: 2019-11-14
Updated: 2019-12-12
Packaged: 2019-12-13 01:26:09
Rating: Explicit
Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply
Chapters: 13
Words: 28,772
Publisher: archiveofourown.org
Summary:

He wished he could have been more emotional, more vulnerable with Eddie. He wished he hadn't run away just when things were getting

good. They could have stuck it out, made it through the summer. They could have called and texted and video chatted and wrote letters and any other thing, too. Richie wished they had.

title is from "hourglass" by catfish and the bottlemen

1. someone that you used to love

Author's Note:

> picks up about 8 months after the last one! so the spring semester and summer break have passed, and now they're back for the fall!

Summary for the Chapter:

> title is from "coincide" by catfish and the bottlemen

Richie's hands were shaking as he hung his SWMRS poster up on the wall. He hadn't seen Eddie since May, and it was late August now. He missed him like crazy. He was so nervous to see him again. May was so long ago, yet it felt so recent.

He remembered it like yesterday - the day they broke up. The day that Richie's heart was obliterated into a million pieces. He took in a shaky breath as he remembered the conversation:

"Eds, how am I gonna go nearly three whole months without you?" Richie had asked, carding his fingers through Eddie's hair. Eddie shook his head, "I don't know. I'm probably gonna forget what you look like." Richie chuckled. "Yeah, you'll find yourself a hometown cutie and I'll just be a distant thought." They were joking around, but Richie was a little scared.

"Are we really gonna do this whole long distance thing, Chee?" Eddie questioned, voice sounding soft and vulnerable. Scared, even. Richie inhaled cautiously. "I mean, I understand if you don't want to. It's a lot, and it's probably not easy." Richie was giving him an out. He was too scared to tell him that this meant so much to him, that they could handle a little distance, that they would see each other again in August and even though it seemed like forever, it was just a short time and they could do it. Richie wasn't good at the whole being vulnerable thing.

"I guess maybe we shouldn't, then. If you really think that." Eddie's voice sounded sad, but Richie couldn't focus on the tone. He could only focus on the words that Eddie just spoke. "Do you mean that?" Richie asked, heart pounding and breaking at the same time. "I don't know, do you?"

And Richie was back to being afraid, back to being unsure of how Eddie felt. So he did what he did best, and he lied through his teeth. "Uh, yeah, I guess so." Eddie was quiet. Richie was quiet, too.

Richie had left shortly after that. He had gone back to his nearly dorm (Bill had left that morning) and sobbed as he finished packing his things for summer. He had cried on the whole train ride home. He had spent the first few weeks of summer miserable, drafting messages to Eddie that he would never end up sending.

Richie didn't know what Eddie was going to act like now. He wondered if he would want to get back together. Richie would go back to him in a second. Richie would do anything for Eddie.

Richie kept setting his room up, trying to stay as calm as he could. His heart was beating through his chest, and he felt like he was going to throw up. He knew it was stupid, how he was still in love with Eddie after all these months apart, but he couldn't help it. There was something about Eddie that he just couldn't get over. Something he would never get over.

He heard a knock on his door frame, and when he turned, Mike was standing there.

"Hey, Rich. Good to see you!" Mike said, walking into the room and wrapping his arms around Richie. It felt nice. Mike pulled back from the hug after a moment, asking, "How are you holding up?" Richie had gotten really close to Mike over the last year. Mike was the one who came over while Richie packed and cried. They'd stayed in touch a lot over the summer. Richie told him he was still in love with Eddie, and Mike told him he would be okay.

Mike had the perfect balance of heart and realism. He understood what it was like to be heartbroken, what it was like to be in love, but he also knew how to comfort you realistically. Richie probably would have backed out of this living situation if it wasn't for him.

"I think I'll be alright. I'm nervous, but of course I am. I might cry the second I see him. I might not. Only time will tell."

Mike nodded, looking like he felt bad for him. Richie hated it when

people felt bad for him, especially when they treated him like it. He'd push through it. Yeah, he'd probably feel the break up pain all over again when he saw Eddie, but he could deal with that. He had to.

Richie felt another presence in his doorway now. He turned around, faced with Eddie standing awkwardly. Almost like he felt out of place. Mike just gave Richie a knowing nod and ducked out. Richie and Eddie were quiet for a while.

"This is the cleanest your room is ever going to be," was the first sentence to come out of Eddie's mouth. Richie had almost forgotten how much Eddie's voice comforted him. Even though he was being snarky, it felt smooth. And Richie's room wasn't that clean. The floor was clearer than normal, but the clutter was already starting to build up.

"Yeah and not for long. I actually brought a bunch of random crap to scatter all over my floor." Richie was naturally a jokester. He wasn't good at the whole serious thing, so he was kind of glad that this was the route they were going. They fell back into their banter effortlessly.

"You better not wake me up in the middle of the night when you fall on your ass by tripping," Eddie quipped back. "Aw, don't be too worried about me, Eds. I always memorize the mess on my floor to minimize injuries." Richie tried to ignore Eddie's slight flinch at the nickname.

"Like I'd ever worry about you," Eddie said as he turned to leave Richie's room. "I'd love to stay and chat, but my empty, clean room is calling my name."

And then Eddie was gone. Richie made brief eye contact with Stan as he walked past Richie's room lugging a bin filled with clothes. Stan averted his gaze pretty quickly. Richie thought about how smug he must feel, since he was right and all. Eddie and Richie hadn't worked out, and now things were probably going to be weird.

Okay, so it wasn't really that they hadn't worked out. They broke up on good terms. There was no big dumpster fire at the end of their relationship. It was just over one day. One day he was *his Eddie,* and

the next he was just *Eddie.* There were no arguments, no bitter words said with malicious intent. It was almost as if it hadn't happened - it was that quick, that casual. Except it had happened.

It was a couple of hours later when Richie saw Eddie again. Richie had finished setting up his room and then went and helped Bill with his. And then he saw Bev was here, with Ben, so he of course had to talk to her. She danced around the issue of Eddie, not even casting her eyes down the hall to where he was.

But they were all going to christen their house tonight with a little alcohol and pizza. So here they sat, circled around the coffee table Stan had bought. They were all sharing stories about their summer, and Richie was *not* looking at Eddie.

Ben was complaining about his summer job, which, frankly, was extremely boring. So Richie took the opportunity to go to the kitchen and grab some more pizza and another beer. He opened the box, pulling out a slice of pepperoni and sliding it onto his plate. He was turning around to grab a beer from the fridge when he bumped into Eddie.

His skin lit up like a fuse, traveling until his entire body was on fire. Months later, and any touch from Eddie was enough to floor him.

"Sorry, Eds," Richie said out of habit, sidestepping the shorter man to open the fridge. He wanted to climb into the fridge. Maybe that would stop his skin from burning off, stop the flush that was threatening to creep up his chest and onto his face.

"That's not my name, Richie."

And that, that one sentence, those five words were enough to break Richie's heart all over again. Eddie had stopped complaining about the nickname a long time ago. Richie even knew that he liked it. But now, now none of that mattered. Because those words meant Eddie was done.

Richie fought a shudder, turning to Eddie to apologize. Eddie's face

was emotionless as Richie mumbled out a, "Sorry, Spaghetti Man." There was no pushback on that one, probably because it was less of an affectionate nickname and more of a funny one. Richie was desperate to get out of the room now. His breathing was shallow, his eyes distracted, trying to look anywhere but Eddie.

Richie turned around to go back into the living room. He had to join the rest of their friends. When he was with all of them, this whole situation hurt less. It was a marginal difference, but it was there nonetheless.

He took a deep breath as he returned to his seat on the floor. He could finally take some real oxygen into his lungs. Mike shot him a look that said *Everything okay?* and so Richie sent back a look that said *Yeah, don't worry* . He was lying, of course.

Everything was decidedly not okay. He hadn't even been in this damned house for one day and he was already losing over the boy that he wasn't supposed to love anymore. As he sat, his ears left the circle for a bit. He wasn't listening anymore, just looking. He watched Stan laugh at something Mike said, and Bev kiss Ben on the cheek. He watched Bill enthusiastically tell a story. He watched Eddie sit quietly, not interacting with anyone.

He wished Eddie would come over to him, even if it was just to argue. He wished Eddie would come slap his hand over Richie's mouth like he would do when Richie accidentally dropped a too personal detail about their sex life. He wished that Eddie would come playfully shove him for telling a joke that just wasn't that funny. He wished Eddie would come over to him for any reason at all.

They all sat for a few hours, laughing and telling stories and talking about what they were looking forward to this semester. And it was nice, because Richie allowed himself to get lost in the conversation and forget the heartbreak for a moment. But then everyone started peeling off, going to shower or sleep or leave (in Bev's case).

And then it was just Richie and Stan left, sitting awkwardly in the living room and not making eye contact. And then Stan opened his mouth, saying, "I just want you to know that this isn't what I wanted to happen. I never wanted anything bad to happen between you

guys."

"Me neither," Richie grumbled, getting up from his place on the floor. He made his way back up to his room, taking his guitar from the stand he had set up in the corner. This was something he had picked up over the summer to distract him. It was really relaxing, and it was nice to focus on learning a new song because then he wasn't thinking about Eddie.

But tonight he wasn't really feeling it. He couldn't get himself to play. He tried, but no music came. So, after putting his guitar back, he just laid back on his bed and stared at his ceiling. He had put those glow in the dark stars up because he was a fun and cool person. He stared at the pattern they made, tracing constellations that didn't actually exist.

He fought every urge to think of Eddie. And as it got later, he fought every urge to go to Eddie. He missed the nights where he would fall asleep with Eddie tucked into his side. Now that he actually had a bed big enough for the both of them, he didn't have Eddie.

And maybe it had been his fault, because he let himself get scared. He always did that, always pushed away the things that mattered to him. Normally, this was just a painfully obvious and bad idea, but this time, it was worse. It was the most he'd ever hurt himself from his fears.

He wished he could have been more emotional, more vulnerable with Eddie. He wished he hadn't run away just when things were getting good. They could have stuck it out, made it through the summer. They could have called and texted and video chatted and wrote letters and any other thing, too. Richie wished they had.

He remembered the words Mike had said to him when he came over that forbidden day in May. Richie had tears staining his face as he messily folded his clothes, Mike packing up some of Richie's other belongings.

"Richie, if you're sure it's over now, then take the summer to regroup. When you see him again when we come back, if you still have feelings, you can tell him. I don't think this is the very end of you guys. I think

things could still work out. You just have to have a little bit of hope."

And Richie had operated on the promise of that hope for the entirety of his summer. But now he was back and everything was real, and that hope was gone. It was the very end of them. Things couldn't still work out. Because Richie still had feelings, still *loved* Eddie, but Eddie didn't feel the same. And Richie finally fell asleep as that thought crossed his mind, eyes drifting shut as he felt his heart sink down into his stomach.

Notes for the Chapter:

> i would say sorry for the angst but . i had to do it to u. i considered just making it fluffy but i have a hard time not drowning in angst so this is where i ended up when i made the outline. i'm gonna drag u all through the mud with the emotions here. it will all end up ok but man we about to have an emotional rollercoaster together!
>
> comments and kudos are always appreciated!
>
> come hang with me on tumblr - birightsrichie (like two of you sent me asks ab the last fic and i DIED of happiness)

2. can he do what i do for you?

Summary for the Chapter:

> "Good for you, Eddie! It's about time you got back out there!" Stan seemed to realize what he said once it was too late. Now all the eyes in the room were on Richie, and Richie was staring intently into the oven, watching the pizza rolls cook. No one looked into the oven for that long, so it was obvious he was just avoiding whatever was happening on the other side of the room.
>
> title is from "red" by catfish and the bottlemen!

It'd been a few weeks now, and Richie was finally getting used to seeing Eddie everywhere and not being able to wrap his arms around his small frame. Sure, it still hurt, but now it was more like a dull ache in the back of his head (or, really, his heart). He was starting to think that just maybe he would be able to get over his feelings. That time would end up being his friend and allow him to move on.

But he was proved gravely wrong on Thursday night.

Richie was in the kitchen making himself pizza rolls for dinner. Stan and Mike were sitting at the kitchen table, Bill doing his homework and Mike eating his dinner (also pizza rolls). Things were calm and domestic. It was a routine they had all fallen into relatively easy. They knew each others' schedules really well at this point and could pretty much always guess who would be where and when. Richie knew Eddie would be getting home soon from the library - he always strolled in around 7:00 on Thursdays.

Sure enough, Eddie walked through the door seconds later. He was in a chipper mood, nearly skipping into the room. Richie wasn't the only one to notice this. Stan looked up from his work, asking, "What's got you so happy tonight?" Nothing could have prepared Richie for the conversation he was about to hear.

Eddie moved towards Stan and Mike enthusiastically, but he didn't

join them at the table. Instead, he stood against the kitchen counter, clearly too excited to sit. "Okay, so you remember that cute boy from my microbiology lab? Chris, the one who worked one station over?" Stan nodded, and Richie willed his pizza rolls to cook faster. He should have just used the microwave, but he wanted the gourmet feel of the oven. Big mistake.

"Wellllllll, he asked me out today! We're going to go out tomorrow night," Eddie finished explaining, not even glancing over towards Richie. Mike gave Richie a sympathetic look, clearly realizing that he wanted to melt into a sad puddle of tears on the floor.

"Good for you, Eddie! It's about time you got back out there!" Stan seemed to realize what he said once it was too late. Now all the eyes in the room were on Richie, and Richie was staring intently into the oven, watching the pizza rolls cook. No one looked into the oven for that long, so it was obvious he was just avoiding whatever was happening on the other side of the room.

And then he heard the magic noise: the *ding!* of the oven that signaled that his pizza rolls were finally ready. Richie used a towel to grab the pan so as to not burn himself, sloppily tossing the rolls from the pan onto a paper plate. He grabbed his cup of cranberry juice (he just really liked juice, okay?) and left the room without looking back. He could feel the eyes on the back of his head as he walked through the doors, but he tried not to care.

He wondered if Eddie had done that on purpose, had tried to make him jealous. Richie had certainly done that nearly a year ago when he and Eddie were having trouble telling each other how they felt, breaking up instead.

Richie hadn't planned on eating in his room. He was going to join Stan and Mike at the table, but he didn't want to be in that room anymore, and that's how ended up on his bed, plate on his lap and laptop sat in front of him. He opened up his (parents') Netflix, cueing up an episode of *Patriot Act* . He normally would watch *Breaking Bad* , his current binge, but right now he desperately needed to laugh. Plus, *Patriot Act* made him feel like he actually understood the real world.

He was barely into the episode when he heard a soft knock on his

door. Richie hit the spacebar, mumbling, "Come in."

He had expected it to be Mike, coming up to help Richie not feel so sad. Instead, it was Eddie. He stood tentatively in the doorway, clearly unsure if he could actually enter the room or not. Richie motioned him further in, and Eddie closed the door behind him.

"What's up, Eds-Eddie," Richie corrected himself as he spoke. Eddie still stood awkwardly, looking very out of place. He took a shaky breath before saying, "I'm sorry if that was weird. I don't know - I just didn't want to make things weird by leaving you out of the details of my life, but I realize now it was kind of insensitive."

Eddie sounded sincere, and Richie could tell that he was afraid that he had hurt Richie. So Richie, wanting to spare Eddie any pain, lied. "It's fine, Spaghetti Man. We gotta learn to get used to stuff like that, I guess."

Eddie let out an awkward laugh, one that showed he didn't know what to do next. Richie opened his mouth again, saying, "Really, it's fine. Don't worry your big brain too much. Wouldn't want that cute face to go without a smile for too long!"

Richie realized that maybe he shouldn't say stuff like that anymore, but it was the truth! He had to tell Eddie not to worry. And maybe the detail about Eddie being cute wasn't necessary, but it fell naturally out of his mouth, so there was that.

They both stewed in the silence for a moment, neither of them wanting to break it. They didn't want to admit that things were different and weird and painful. Well, maybe only painful for Richie.

"Okay, well - is that *Patriot Act* ?" Eddie interrupted himself just to ask. Richie remembered that he loved this show, watched all of the episodes when Richie showed it to him last year. They would watch it together.

"Oh, yeah. New episode." And then Richie thought to himself, and before he could talk himself out of it, he said, "Do you wanna stay and watch?"

Eddie seemed like he didn't know what to say. Which was justified, since Richie had just fled the kitchen just to avoid hearing about his supposed date. But Richie wanted to feel normal, and watching Netflix with Eddie was as normal as it got.

So Eddie decided to stay, sitting next to Richie on the bed. They didn't touch, not even accidentally. They were both hyper-aware of their bodies, making sure not to accidentally brush up against each other. But regardless, they still watched and they laughed and for a moment, things felt normal again.

It was Friday night and Richie was playing video games on the couch. He was trying out a new game called *Death Stranding*. He liked it, and it really kept him from fidgeting too much or thinking too much or feeling too much. He was very cognizant of Eddie's date tonight, and was thus doing anything possible to not think about it. He was doing a pretty okay job so far. The game was effectively distracting him.

But all bets were off when Eddie came downstairs. He had been getting ready for a while, clearly anxious. Richie could read him easily, always being able to guess exactly what he was thinking, what he was feeling. He could feel the nervous energy radiating off of Eddie's skin as he walked down the steps.

Richie paused the game to turn and ask him a question (it was really just an excuse to look at him). This was a decidedly bad idea, because Richie was positively floored by Eddie's look. He was wearing tight jeans, like so tight that very little was left to the imagination. They must have been new. He had a short sleeve button down on, a few of the top buttons unbuttoned and showing off his collarbone. His hair was neatly done, as always. And, on his cheeks, Richie could see a hint of highlighter.

So yeah, Richie was now thinking about this date thing a little more. Eddie used to dress up for him. And now here he was, dressed deliciously and, frankly, rather slutty, and Richie could do nothing. All he could do was stare and try not to drool.

And then more anxiety flooded Eddie's face, him nervously rambling,

"Is it too much? Should I change? Oh God, I should change. I'm just-" Richie cut him off, laughing lightly as he said, "No, it's perfect."

The tension between them was palpable. Richie almost considered telling him to ditch the date, to let Richie take him out and then later, let Richie take him *apart*. But he didn't, because that wouldn't be a fair thing to drop on Eddie right now. Instead, he just said, "You look great. He's going to love it."

Richie had made an effort to forget this random guy's name, just because if he didn't, he would probably stalk him on every social media platform and have to resist the urge to comment mean things. Just as Eddie opened his mouth to reply to Richie, the doorbell rang.

Richie turned back around and unpaused his game, not wanting to hear anything happening behind him. He could hear the vague sounds of a first date conversation, but he did his best to blur it out and focus on the screen in front of him.

Seconds later and Eddie was gone. Richie was sitting on the couch, trying to play his game, but he just couldn't. He was so fucking distracted. It wasn't fair that someone else was taking Eddie out. He wanted to be the one holding his hand and reaching under his shirt collar to leave a hickey and running his hands over every inch of his skin.

Richie sat there marinating in his own thoughts for all of two minutes before getting up abruptly. He was going to go to Bev's because that girl always knew how to distract him. He saved his game before shutting the TV off and heading out the door. He didn't even bother to tell anyone he was leaving.

Richie had saved up all summer to buy a car, something that was a little more necessary now that they were living off campus. They were still within walking distance, but it just made things easier. He hopped in, hooking his phone up to the bluetooth and pointedly *not* choosing his playlist he had made for Eddie that he still listened to sometimes. He instead chose a playlist entitled *songs with a sexy bass line* , hearing "Rothko" by Kid Jupiter flood out of his speakers.

He made the short drive to Bev's, only getting through two songs

before pulling up to her apartment complex. She still lived alone, which really fit her. She was able to be creative at whatever hour she wanted, which was often late. She was a fashion major, so she was always creating something new. Tonight was no different, and when Richie opened the door to her apartment, he saw her sitting at her sewing machine.

"Hey, Rich! What's up?" Bev asked without even looking up from her work. Richie slumped down on the couch, muttering, "He's going on a fucking date with fucking Chris from fucking microbiology." Okay, so maybe Richie had remembered the guy's name.

He heard the sewing machine halt, and soon Beverly was seated next to him, staring up at him softly. "I'm so sorry, babe. I know that must hurt." She reached her hand out to place on his wrist. It was surprisingly comforting.

"I don't know, I guess I just had hoped things would fall back to where they were before everything kinda just stopped. But Eddie has barely even been platonic with me, much less romantic. It kind of sucks." Richie put his head down in his hands as his elbows fell into place right above his knees.

He sighed, rubbing at his eyes until he saw those little white stars. Bev was still seated next to him, but she was quiet. She was either coming up with a plan or just focusing on what Richie was doing.

"Okay, here's what we're going to do. Tonight, we're going to binge some horror movies. And then tomorrow, we'll see if maybe it's time to try and find a new guy. And if it's not time, then that's okay. We still tried. You have to take this whole situation at your own pace. As much as it may feel like it, you're not in competition with Eddie to see who can move on faster. Let yourself feel the pain so that the following happiness will be that much better."

Bev was really fucking good at giving advice, and Richie was grateful for that. She ran to grab some blankets and pillows, returning to Richie already searching for what movie to start with. They ended up choosing to marathon the *Scary Movie* franchise, because it was hilarious and would be a really good distraction. They even ordered pizza from Richie's favorite place, and Bev happened to have an

unopened roll of cookie dough in her fridge, so they ended up eating like half of the roll raw.

Richie was happy to just be enjoying time with his friend. He was still in pain, and he still hated thinking about someone else out there flirting with Eddie, but at least now he knew he wasn't alone in this. He guesses he already knew that, what with all of Mike's support, but it was nice to have someone else, too. He may struggle at the whole relationship thing, but he had gotten really fucking lucky with his friends.

He ended up crashing on Bev's couch, falling asleep to his normal thoughts of what Eddie felt like, smelt like when he was tucked into his side cuddling. And luckily he didn't think about Eddie doing any of that with this Chris guy. Instead, he just figured that Chris could never do for Eddie what Richie had.

Notes for the Chapter:

> like i guess i should just warn you that this is gonna be pretty angsty and sad, but that things will work out later on. but we've got a long ways to go first. and there will also be smut, but i'm not going to change the rating to explicit until i get to the smutty parts.
>
> i hope you guys are enjoying this!!! i love all of u so much and love ur comments!!
>
> come chat with me on tumblr at birightsrichie !!!!

3. whatever i took to keep you off my mind

Summary for the Chapter:

> But then Chris sat down next to Richie on the couch, and Eddie sank down in his lap, and that was all too much for Richie. He got up quickly, going to the kitchen to get something, anything to drink. He grabbed the first bottle he saw and poured himself a liberal amount, downing it in one gulp. It burned going down, but it sure as hell was already making him feel better.
>
> title from "emily" by catfish and the bottlemen!!!

"Let's throw a party."

Richie looked up at Eddie from his spot at the table. He had been lazily eating his Reese's Puffs and trying to not fall asleep at the table. Needless to say, that sentence woke him up. Eddie wasn't *that* much of a partier. Sure, they had met a party, and they had gone to plenty of parties together after that, but Richie always figured it was because Eddie liked being with him. Eddie had told him that he wasn't much of a partier. So this was probably about Chris.

Things had been a little weird between them recently. It almost seemed like Eddie could read Richie's mind and knew just how much he thought about him. And how much he thought about kissing him. And holding him. And hugging him. And fucking him.

Which, yeah, he should probably stop thinking about fucking him. He should probably stop thinking about Eddie altogether, but it's not that easy. He would try, but his mind would always drift right back to the soft skin on Eddie's hands, or to his silky laugh, or his enchanting smile. He always ended up thinking about Eddie, no matter what he was trying to think about.

It had become a bit of a problem.

But right now, he wasn't thinking about Eddie in that way. He was

wondering what the fuck had gotten into Eddie. *Wanting* to throw a party? That was so… anti-Eddie. Like, he surely knew how messy that would be. And none of them were 21 yet, so if the cops were called, they would get in a hell of a lot of trouble. So this meant that reckless Eddie was back.

Reckless Eddie had been the Eddie that Richie fell in love with. Well, he wasn't really reckless, just more thinking about himself. Richie liked how he had done what he wanted rather than what someone else wanted him to do. He'd later found out how difficult it was for Eddie to do that sort of thing, and that only made him love Eddie even more.

Stan piped up from his spot at the table where he had been drinking coffee and doing the *New York Times* crossword (which he does every single day without fail). "Why would *we* throw a party? Let's just go to one. Much less stressful." And Stan had a very, very good point.

Throwing a party was *way* different than just going to one. If you just show up at a party, there's no responsibility on your end. You don't have to provide any alcohol, or be worried about someone fucking in your bed, or constantly make sure nothing is being broken. It's not your house, so it's not your problem. Richie was sure that if they threw a party, Eddie would pass out from a panic attack the second someone spilled a drink or broke a lamp. (And he was also sure that fucking Chris would have no idea what to do, but that was far from the point.)

"Because *we* have a house now, so we can throw a party. And it would be fun!" Eddie sounded genuinely excited, and also a little naive. "Why do you all of a sudden want to throw a party? For Chris?" Richie mumbled, realizing what he was saying too late. His words were drenched with bitterness, and that didn't go unrecognized by everyone in the room. Mike, who had been rather uninterested up until this point, gave Richie a pointed look. "Sorry." Richie mumbled, getting up to rinse out his bowl.

He could feel Eddie still looking at him while he cleaned his dish. He didn't want to turn around, didn't want to see the look in Eddie's eyes. He knew what it would be: hurt. So instead he just rinsed his bowl and left without looking back. He was still in his pajamas and

had to get dressed for class, anyways.

Padding up the stairs, Richie tried not to overthink what he had said. Of course things were fucking weird between him and Eddie. Richie kept saying stupid shit like that, making things weird. Richie was really good at ruining any good thing in his life, and apparently he hadn't ruined this enough by accidentally suggesting they break up out of insecurity. Apparently he couldn't rest until he just obliterated anything that could resemble a friendship between them.

Richie stepped into his room, shutting the door behind him. He leaned up against it, knocking his head back. He was a mess. It wasn't fair to take this out on Eddie. It wasn't like Eddie had done anything wrong.

Richie got dressed unenthusiastically. He really wanted to crash back into bed and just sleep. Maybe for the rest of the day, maybe for the rest of the week. Maybe even for the rest of his life. He wasn't quite sure. He had just finished pulling on one of his old hawaiin shirts when he heard a knock at his door. He already knew who it was, but he still called out, "Who is it?"

"It's Mike," the voice answered. Just as Richie had predicted. Richie walked to the door and unlocked it, letting Mike in. Mike did not waste any time before saying, "Dude, you have got to chill. You can't go saying stuff like that to Eddie. It hurts him. I know you're hurting, too, but it's not fair."

Richie sighed as he tied his converse. "I know, okay? I regretted it the moment I said it. It's just… been an adjustment."

"If you ask me, I think you need to get laid. Help you forget about Eddie." Richie hummed, wondering if that was the right thing. Mike opened his mouth again, saying, "Anyways, Eddie talked the group into throwing a party this weekend. Saturday night. Be there or be square."

And now it was Saturday night, and there were far too many people in Richie's living room. Stan had meticulously crafted a playlist that

was blasting through some speakers. There was an absurd amount of liquor on their kitchen counter, all half empty at this point. Richie was sure he had seen at least three couples go upstairs, and he prayed to a God he didn't believe in that none of them were currently fucking in his room. Cause, uh, that would really suck.

Richie was currently sitting with Mike, Stan, and Bill. He wasn't really paying attention to what they were saying. He was currently scanning the room, trying to find Eddie. He had only seen Eddie once tonight, and he was, to put it gently, dressed like a slut. Like, way different than normal. He was also already well on his way to getting trashed, and it had barely been 9:00 when Richie had seen him. Now it was well past 11:00, and Richie wondered if he was okay.

As if one cue, Eddie came stumbling through into the living room, one arm thrown over stupid Chris' shoulders. They both approached the group, and Richie felt like he might vomit or pass out or both. Not from alcohol, though. He had barely had anything to drink so far.

But then Chris sat down next to Richie on the couch, and Eddie sank down in his lap, and that was all too much for Richie. He got up quickly, going to the kitchen to get something, anything to drink. He grabbed the first bottle he saw and poured himself a liberal amount, downing it in one gulp. It burned going down, but it sure as hell was already making him feel better.

"Hey, you wanna do a body shot?" Richie heard being slurred from somewhere in the room. He looked up and locked eyes with a very pretty blonde girl. Probably a sorority girl. She was already moving so she could lay down on the table, and who was Richie to turn her down?

He walked over to her, pouring himself a shot on the way. A group had started to form around them already. The nameless girl had already been wearing a crop top, so she was ready. Richie licked a stripe up her stomach, pouring some salt over the line of saliva. She giggled at the feeling, and if Richie hadn't been hopelessly in love with Eddie, he'd probably have thought it was cute. Maybe he could hook up with her and take his mind off of Eddie, just like Mike had suggested. Mike didn't suggest one night stands often, so he was

really considering the advice.

Richie placed the lime in the girl's mouth and winked at her before going back down to her stomach, licking the salt up. He tossed his head back and downed the shot quickly before the bitter taste of the salt could set in. Then he leaned over her head, taking the lime in his mouth. The crowd cheered, and the girl sat up and cheered with them.

Richie was feeling considerably more drunk now, so he unbuttoned his shirt and laid back on the table, welcoming someone to pour some salt on his stomach. Some other girl, this one a brunette, took him up on the offer, repeating the actions Richie had just done. The crowd cheered again, and now someone else laid back on the table. Richie and his nameless girl had started a trend. He glanced around, seeing she was still there. She was making eyes at him (at least he thought).

So Richie downed one last shot before crossing over to her. He leaned in close, voice deep and rough when he said, "You wanna go up to my room?" She nodded, and he took her hand and led her through the crowd.

Richie didn't look as he passed them, but he knew that his friends saw what was happening. Eddie, too. He hoped that maybe it hurt Eddie a little, which was maybe a little mean, but then at least he would maybe see what Richie was feeling about this whole Chris situation.

Soon they arrived at Richie's door, and Richie reached out to open it. Luckily, no one was in his room. She shut the door behind her, and then Richie's lips were on hers, kissing her roughly. He wasted no time in licking into her mouth. Her hands found their way into his hair, and he let out a groan. They kept kissing, but then Richie felt something hot on his face.

He was crying. He was making out with some random girl and fucking crying. She pulled back, speechless.

"I'm sorry, fuck. I'm sorry," Richie stuttered out, rubbing at his eyes. He backed up to his bed, his head hanging low in his hands once he

sat. She joined him, but the energy was much different now. Rather than radiating sex like she had been just a moment ago, she was now soft, welcoming.

"Hey, it's okay. What's up?" Richie looked up at her, and he knew he probably looked pathetic. He was too drunk to resist answering her question, and so he just told her.

"Well, I'm in love with my ex, who also lives in this house, and is downstairs on the lap of his new boy toy. Or maybe now they're in his room. I don't know and I don't want to know. I thought like, a hookup might help me not nearly cry every time I saw them together, but that is clearly not what happened."

She nodded understandingly, responding, "It's okay. I know what that's like. Well, not exactly, cause I don't still live with her, but I too have an ex that I still love, and I was also trying to forget about her with a nice mix of alcohol and someone new. It felt like it would hurt her more if I fucked some guy, I don't know. But really, it's okay. Stuff like this sucks."

He was thankful this was the mystery girl he chose to kiss and then subsequently cry with. He wiped at his eyes as they sat in silence for a moment. "It's hard, cause we agreed to just try to be normal and be friends and not be weird, but I can't, because I still love him and he has no idea."

"Maybe you should tell him, then. I don't know, I know that's maybe not the best advice, but it's where I'm at," she laughed breathily as she finished speaking.

"Maybe. Thank you, uh - sorry, I realized I don't even know your name."

"Emily. And yours?"

"Richie."

They sat in silence a little longer, before Emily stood up. "I'm gonna head out, if that's okay." Richie nodded, figuring he would just stay in his room and crash. And that's what he did. There may have been a

party going on downstairs, but Richie was out just after midnight.

Richie dredged downstairs the next morning, head pounding. He knew he had drank a lot last night, but he didn't realize just how much. He walked into the kitchen, immediately going for the advil and a glass of chocolate milk. The breakfast of champions, as he called it.

"Ooooo someone had a fun night!" Mike said enthusiastically from the table. Eddie had been getting a cup of coffee, but he left right after Mike spoke. Interesting.

Richie brought his breakfast over to Mike at the kitchen table, looking over his shoulder to be sure they were alone. He sat right next to Mike, lowering his voice to say, "I, in fact, did not have a fun night. We made out for like two minutes and then I started crying. And then I told her about how I'm still in love with my ex who lives in the same house as me." Mike mouth was agape when Richie looked back up.

"Wow. I thought for sure you guys were going to fuck. You looked so in it when you went upstairs. Like, so in it that Eddie got tense."

Richie tried not to focus too much on that last part. If he did, he would promptly explode.

"I don't know. She just, she put her hands in my hair, like Eddie always did, and it made me think of him, and then how it wasn't him that I was kissing, and then I was crying. She was nice about it, though. Thank God. I couldn't have handled any sort of ridicule."

Mike nodded, a soft look on his face. Richie could tell he felt bad for him. Which, like, he understood, but he also didn't want the pity. Mike took a deep breath before saying, "Look, Rich. If you can't get over him, and you can't hook up with someone to rebound, then maybe you should just tell him how you feel. Rip the band-aid off, and then if he doesn't feel the same, you can move on."

Richie thought about it. That would hypothetically be a good idea,

but he couldn't hear Eddie say to his face that he didn't have feelings for him anymore. That would crush him even more. At least now he can pretend that Eddie maybe still has some feelings for him, but if he had to look Eddie in the eye while he broke his heart all over again, he would not be able to go on.

"Maybe. I think I'll just give it some more time and try to like, throw myself into being his friend. That might make things easier."

At that, Richie got up to go back upstairs. He grabbed a poptart on his way so that he could have a nice snack. He passed Eddie sitting on the couch, and his heart stopped for a second. He hoped that he Eddie hadn't heard any of what was just said. Especially not the whole I-cried-while-making-out-with-a-girl-because-I-thought-of-you thing.

He made eye contact with Eddie for a moment, and he looked sad. Actually, he looked exhausted, like he hadn't slept. He almost thought for a moment that his eyes looked dry, like he had been crying. But he figured he was just seeing things.

Richie was sure he didn't look any better. He was hungover, and depressed, and he actually had cried last night. So, in total, he probably looked like a wreck. And he missed the days when he Eddie would still kiss him on the forehead and run his fingers through his hair and make him forget how wrecked he felt. Of course, he never really felt this wrecked while he was with Eddie. Cause even when he was hungover and felt like shit, he at least wasn't heartbroken. He was always a little drunk on Eddie's love.

But now he was sober. He didn't have Eddie's love to numb the pain. The pain was the fact that he didn't have Eddie's love. And fuck if that didn't hurt.

Notes for the Chapter:

> sorry it took me a lil longer to update, the semester is close to ending so i have a lil more work :(buuuut regardless, here it is! stan does the nyt crossword every day and u cannot change my mind

comments and kudos always make me go nuts!!

ALSO i have decided that the song "still loving you" by mahogany purple is basically just richie's anthem at this point bc i was listening to it and i was like... damn that's richie pining after eddie rn

p.s. hang with me on tumblr at birightsrichie !!!!

4. i could come and fall at your feet

Summary for the Chapter:

> And then Richie sat there and told them everything, this time a little more coherent than his initial rambling. He cried a little, because it was fucking hard. He shoveled cookie dough into his mouth in between sentences. Finally, he got to the end. He had told them everything. Like everything.
>
> title is from "encore" by catfish and the bottlemen

It'd been a few weeks since the party now, and things had actually become rather normal. Richie was able to joke around with Eddie again without feeling like he was going to completely combust. The sadness was still there, especially whenever Eddie talked about Chris, but Richie just shoved that down. He was determined to be a good friend. If he couldn't be his boyfriend, he at least wanted to be his friend.

That's how he ended up making pancakes with Eddie past midnight on a Thursday night. Eddie had come home feeling a little down, and he loves pancakes, and Richie loves him, so naturally, Richie suggested they make pancakes. Bill, who was sitting at the kitchen table when this was decided, had just given them a strange look before relocating to his room.

So now Richie was sprinkling chocolate chips into the batter as it sizzled on the stove, and Eddie was of course criticizing his pancake flipping technique. "Fine, idiot! You do it then!" Richie said while laughing. Eddie took over and was absolutely shit at flipping pancakes. No surprise there.

"Alright, I guess it's harder than it looks," Eddie conceded, moving out of the way so that Richie could resume his place as pancake chef. Eddie hopped up onto the counter, kicking his legs out in front of him. His toes skimmed against Richie's leg, and even through his sweatpants, it felt electric. Richie knew he missed Eddie's touch, but *damn* .

Richie and Eddie had been giggling about the batter Richie had dabbed onto Eddie's nose when Mike came wandering into the kitchen, Stan following closely behind. Mike gave Richie a knowing glance, and Richie gave him one right back. Because of this, Richie missed the looks exchanged between Eddie and Stan that were identical to his with Mike.

"Sorry to interrupt, we just came for the oreos. Late night studying leads to late night snacking!" Mike exclaimed as he rifled through the pantry in search of the cookies. Stan went for the fridge, grabbing the milk and two glasses. Once the milk was poured and the cookies were found, Stan and Mike were on their way out. Of course, first Mike had to send another look Richie's way, which Richie once again returned. This time, though, he blushed a little, too.

The pancakes were ready, and so Richie followed Eddie to the table, pancakes in one hand, syrup in the other. Richie poured a bunch of syrup onto his plate and began ripping his pancake apart, dipping the smaller pieces into the syrup. Eddie saw this, and laughed.

"God, I had forgotten how stupidly you ate pancakes."

Richie sat back, feigning injury. "I cannot believe you would wound me like this, Eds."

Both of them flinched a little at the nickname. Richie muttered out a quick "Sorry" before shoving some of his first pancake into his mouth. Eddie brushed past the awkwardness, bringing up something about his anatomy class. Richie just listened. The subject itself was boring, but he loved watching Eddie talk about something that he was really, truly passionate about.

They talked for a little over an hour before Richie couldn't hold back his yawns anymore. He and Eddie started cleaning up, and Eddie had to hand wash and put the dishes in the dishwasher, because of course he did. They walked upstairs, still whispering stupid little anecdotes to each other. And then they went their separate ways to sleep. Richie almost asked Eddie if he wanted to sleep in his bed, but he figured that was probably just a tad too far.

But that didn't matter. He went to bed feeling warm, because he'd

gotten to do his very favorite thing: just be with Eddie.

The next morning, Richie was standing in the kitchen and drinking his coffee, all while looking half dead. He always looked half dead in the mornings. Mike came wandering into the room with a smile plastered on his face.

"Did someone have a good night?" Richie asked, smiling into his coffee as he took another sip.

"I don't know, you tell me," Mike said as he raised his eyebrows suggestively.

"Nothing happened with me and Eddie, cause ya know, he's dating that stupid what's-his-fuck. But it was nice. It felt normal, which is better than when it feels painful.

"Nothing really happened with Stan, either, but I do think he's flirting with me. Which, by the way, Eddie was totally flirting with you last night. Stan brought it up when we got back to my room," Mike said, stating it like it was a fact.

"Bet the wasn't the only thing Stan *brought up* ," Richie suggested as he waggled his eyebrows. Mike just rolled his eyes.

"No, but for real, Rich. Things were very flirty. Do you even know if he's still dating what's-his-fuck? Maybe he broke it off, maybe he's got feelings for you again."

Richie's heart leapt at the possibility of that, but he knew it wasn't true. "Nah, he said something about a date with Chris tonight." Richie's face was sad as he spoke.

"Alright, well I'm just saying, if you were to stop being a fool and tell him how you feel, you would probably get the desired response."

And at that, Mike was gone. He had poured his coffee into a to-go cup, as he really did have to go. Richie was left to stew in his thoughts, wondering if Mike was right. Would Eddie break up with Chris if he knew how Richie felt?

Regardless, he had to get going. Thank God, because he really did need to stop thinking about this.

When Richie finally got back later that day, Eddie was sitting on the couch looking rather sad. It was past 7:00 (Richie had stayed a little late to film something for the school's production network) and Richie was pretty sure that Eddie was supposed to be on a date right now. No, he was *positive* that Eddie was supposed to be on a date right now.

Richie plopped down on the couch next to Eddie, slinging his backpack to the side. "What's up, Spaghetti Man?" Richie put his head in his hands and stared at Eddie inquisitively. Eddie looks back and sighs, saying, "Chris cancelled our date at the last minute."

Richie didn't know how to describe how he felt about that. On the one hand, he was happy that Eddie was here with him instead of with Chris. But Eddie just looked *so* sad, and that was worse than the pain Richie felt from Eddie dating someone else.

"I'm sorry, Spaghetti-o. Do you know why?" Richie fought the urge to put his hands all over Eddie, wanting to comfort him. "He said something came up with him roommate. I don't know, I think he's probably done with me," Eddie sniffled. As much as Richie wanted that, he positively hated seeing Eddie like this. He'd endure all of the pain in the world if it meant he never had to see Eds looking this fragile, this broken.

"There's no way he could be done with you! Look at you - you're the ultimate catch. You're funny and sweet and also *hot as hell* . If he doesn't realize how lucky he is to have you, then he doesn't deserve you, because you're literally the best guy on planet earth."

Maybe Richie's little monologue was a bit too revealing. Maybe he shouldn't have called Eddie *the best guy on planet earth* . But see, it was the truth. And he'd be damned if he didn't tell Eddie the truth. But now Eddie was full on crying, and Richie was terrified he had said something wrong.

"Eds, what is it? Did I do something, because I-" and then he was cut off by Eddie's lips on his own. It took Richie about three seconds to catch up, wrapping his hands around Eddie and pulling him into his own lap. It felt so right, like the last piece of the puzzle had fallen into place. They sat like that for what felt like forever, but really could only have been a few minutes. Eddie's hands were in Richie's hair again, and Richie thought he might cry. This time, though, they would be happy tears.

Richie's tongue was exploring Eddie's mouth again, relishing in the feeling of getting to kiss him again *finally* . Richie was running his hands over every inch of Eddie's body, wanting to memorize the skin all over again.

They both pulled back, panting for air. Eddie's lips were slick and red, bruised from all of the kissing. Richie tried to remember how to process words, because now that he was realizing he had Eddie on *his* lap, his brain was short circuiting. Finally, he opened his mouth, starting to say, "Fuck, Eds, I've wanted this-" but then Eddie cut him off again, scrambling off of Richie's lap. "I shouldn't have done that. Fuck. Shit, I'm sorry," Eddie said as he shuffled his way to the staircase.

Richie tried to call out and stop Eddie, tried to tell him that everything was okay and that he had been dreaming about Eddie's lips for weeks. But then Eddie was gone. He had disappeared up the stairs. Richie faintly heard a door close upstairs, and he knocked his head back against the back of the couch. He let out a shaky breath, trying to process what had just happened before deciding to go talk to Eddie.

He followed Eddie's path up the stairs and ended up at Eddie's bedroom door. He was suddenly nervous of what was waiting on the other side. But still, he knocked, rapping his knuckles against the door twice. It only took a moment for Eddie to swing the door open at an ungodly speed.

"Look, Eddie, I don't want you to freak out. I've been wanting to kiss you since the moment I saw you when we were all moving in. And I want to do it again, okay, especially now knowing that you feel the same."

"I don't. It was a mistake, okay? I was vulnerable and upset because Chris cancelled but I'm still dating him. I can't go around kissing boys I was in love with, that's not fair to him."

And Richie's heart sunk to the bottom of his stomach, smashing into a million pieces on the way down. Boys he *was* in love with. *Was* . Past tense. As in, no longer. Oh.

"Oh, um. I'm sorry, Eds, I just misread the situation. I'll leave you alone," Richie's voice was small as he started to turn around. He thought he heard a mumble of "that's not my name" behind him, but he didn't want to look back. He heard the door latch shut, and he had to get out of this fucking house. He felt like the walls were closing in on him.

So he hopped in his car and drove to Bev's. He didn't even send her a text to warn her, he just showed up at her door, fighting against the hot tears that threatened to fall down his cheeks.

"Eddie kissed me. We kissed. And everything felt right. And then he said it was a mistake and he shouldn't go around kissing boys he *was* in love with because he's with Chris and I don't know what the fuck to do because yeah it's not fair to Chris but it's not fair to me that he's just going to kiss me like that when I'm actively trying to push my feelings for him away and then he goes and he fucking kisses me and everything seems like it's bubbling over now and I really thought for a moment that things were going to be okay but-"

"Rich, take a breath! You're rambling," Bev said softly, reaching her hand out and placing it on Richie's shoulder. He was comforted by the contact. He glanced over to the couch, now seeing that Ben was seated there and he had most definitely interrupted date night. He grimaced, looking at Bev apologetically, but she shrugged it off. She motioned for him to go sit as she turned to grab something from the kitchen. It was cookie dough, because Bev always knew just what to do.

And then Richie sat there and told them everything, this time a little more coherent than his initial rambling. He cried a little, because it was fucking hard. He shoveled cookie dough into his mouth in between sentences. Finally, he got to the end. He had told them

everything. Like *everything.*

Ben spoke first. "I feel like I'm reliving last year, except this time you're the one who's fucked up over this whole thing. I'm sorry, Richie. I had no idea this is what you were going through." Richie appreciated the soft comfort. He chose not to dwell on the first half of what Ben had said.

"Rich, you gotta tell him. Like really tell him, because he's not going to realize what he's doing wrong unless you do. Right now he just thinks you're a good friend and he fucked up and kissed you but the only person that he cheated there was Chris. You need to tell him that is not at all what's going on - that you're hurting and that your feelings are still there."

"God, it's so easy for everyone to say *Tell him, Richie! It's easy! You have to!* But, like. It's not fucking easy! Laying it all on the line, being so fucking vulnerable, and lettting myself get my heart obliterated? No thanks, dude! That's just not at all what I want."

"You can't know what all is going on in his head until you talk to him. Maybe he's feeling the same way," Ben said, trying to be comforting. "Yeah, I'm sure he feels the same fucking way because the way he scrambled off of my lap and shut himself into his bedroom is a great indicator of him also being in love with me. Thanks, Bennifer!" Richie's voice was drenched with sarcasm.

"He could have been scared because he took a chance and then realized what he did," Bev offered.

"Well it was clear his chance paid off, because my tongue was down his throat pretty fucking fast."

Their conversation continued like this for a while before Beverly finally got Richie to chill the fuck out, putting on an episode of *Veep* to stop him from rambling again.

Richie eventually left, because he did feel bad about invading their date, and he wasn't going to cockblock Ben. He was a better friend than that. He drove home, feeling drained and upset. When he got back, the other four boys were crowded around the TV watching

some movie.

"Richie! Join us!" Bill exclaimed, patting the spot next to him on the couch. Richie just shook his head, silently walking to his room. He shut the door, grabbed his headphones, and fell asleep listening to his new essential playlist, a playlist entitled *it's pining o'clock* .

Notes for the Chapter:

> this took me fuckin forever to update bc i had to try three different browsers before it would let me paste the text since i write elsewhere
>
> anyways i hope u guys like!! that playlist a real one i made for myself and then realized it fit with this so there ya go
>
> come yell at my on tumblr at birightsrichie !!!

5. you can own my thoughts

Summary for the Chapter:

> Richie woke up the next morning feeling lovesick. Not in the good way, though - more of an emphasis of the sick part. He remembered kissing Eddie last night, getting to feel him again… and then having it all ripped away from him seconds later.
>
> title is from "mission" by catfish and the bottlemen!

Richie woke up the next morning feeling lovesick. Not in the good way, though - more of an emphasis of the sick part. He remembered kissing Eddie last night, getting to feel him again… and then having it all ripped away from him seconds later.

And what really hurts is that Eddie seemed to want him, too. At least, Richie thought he did. Eddie was the one who had kissed him. Eddie was the one who had crossed that line again. And then he just left Richie to be heartbroken on his own.

The worst part is that Richie couldn't tell Eddie how sucky that was of him. Because if he did, then he would have to admit his feelings. He'd have to somehow gather the courage to say *Hey, Eds! By the way, I'm still in love with you! Anyways, have fun with Chris, I'm gonna go cry!* Richie likes to think that if Eddie wasn't seeing someone else, then Richie would have no problem being honest about his feelings. He knows that a blatant lie, but it's nice to pretend that he's not a coward.

Richie stays in his bed until his stomach is grumbling so much that he has to get up. As soon as he's down the stairs, though, he wishes he'd just let himself starve. Eddie's on the couch, giggling. Well, more accurately, Chris is on the couch and Eddie is on Chris.

Last night, it was them on the couch. Eddie was in Richie's lap. Everything in the world was right for once. Except it was really just a cruel joke the universe was playing on him, because now he's being violently reminded that everything is *not* right. Richie makes eye

contact with Eddie, just for a moment, before ripping his eyes away. He's sure that Eddie could see right through him, see just how hurt and jealous he was.

Richie walks into the kitchen where the rest of his housemates are. Stan and Mike are doing a puzzle (which, like, Richie needs them to get together because he needs something happy in his life), Ben's reading and Bill's cooking. Richie just grabs a poptart and mumbles, "I'm heading to Bev's" before heading out.

A few minutes later he's knocking on Bev's door. She swings it open, remarking, "At this point, I should just give you a key." She lets him in, and he immediately crashes down on her couch.

"Eddie was sitting on his lap and giggling and I just could not be in the same house as that."

"How long are you going to let yourself pine before you just do something about it?"

"Um, probably a million years," Richie quips. Bev rolls her eyes.

"Dude, I'm just trying to help you. It's not my fault that you don't want any help."

"It's not that I don't want help, it's just… everything is so complicated and messy and I don't know what to do without messing things up even more." Richie pulls off his glasses and rubs at his temples as he speaks.

"If things are so bad, how much worse could you really make them?"

"Monumentally."

"Okay, well then you need a hobby. Something so that you stop thinking about Eddie so damn much. And so that you stop just randomly showing up here."

"Aw, you afraid I'm gonna interrupt your sexy times with Benjamin?" Richie grins as he speaks, but Bev just flicks him off.

"I'm serious, Rich. I don't like seeing you this upset. You've never

been like this."

"I've never been in love."

They sit in silence for a moment. Then, Bev gets up. When she returns, she's holding a small plastic bag and a bong. Which, frankly, is the most beautiful sight Richie could think of at the moment.

They get high together, which is nice. It helps him momentarily forget about Eddie. Eventually Ben shows up, but he doesn't join them. He just sits on the couch and watches Richie and Beverly with an amused look on his face.

They end up watching *It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia* . It's fun, but then Beverly and Ben start making out and Richie suddenly feels like he's intruding. He quietly slips out, not wanting to interrupt their intimate moment that they clearly had no problem starting while he was still there.

He doesn't really want to go home, but he has nowhere else to go. He just sighs and starts his short drive. Luckily, though, Eddie and Chris are gone when Richie walks through the front door. Instead, Stan's seated on the couch watching TV. Richie goes to sit next to him. He thinks he knows what his hobby is going to be: getting Mike and Stan together.

"So, Staniel… you got feelings for my boy Mike?" Richie grins at Stan's blank expression. Stan has an extremely good poker face.

"So what if I did? It's none of your business, anyways."

"Sounds like the words of a boy who's crushing. And maybe I want it to be my business. I'm tired of watching the both of you pine after each other."

"I don't think we're the ones that are pining, Richie." Ouch. Stan does not hold back.

"Not important. Just like, do you like him?"

"I don't need your help getting together with Mike," Stan says flatly, returning his attention to the TV.

"Okay, well I think you do. I happen to know you have had a crush on him for nearly a year now." Stan looks up at Richie with wide eyes. "That's right, buddy. Eddie talks."

"Please don't make this awkward, Richie. I'm just waiting for a solid sign that he's into me, too."

Richie lets out a laugh at that, because, like, he's got to be kidding, right? It's so fucking obvious that Mike is smitten. Stan doesn't seem to think it's funny, though. Richie supposes he's being serious. "Dude, are you for real? Mike is so head over heels. He's always gushing about you."

Stan blushes a bit at that, which is a sight unseen to Richie before this moment. Richie starts speaking again, saying, "Like, you guys do fucking puzzles together. That's couple shit. No one does a puzzle with a friend because puzzles aren't fun. You only do a puzzle with someone if you want to kiss them."

"Wait a second - puzzles *are* fun. Mike likes puzzles."

"Okay, so you're both boring, whatever. You're perfect for each other and I want to help you guys just finally fucking kiss. And fucking fuck, too." Richie grins, but Stan just swats at him. Richie can't help it - he has to make jokes at all hours of the day.

"Okay, so let's say I do like Mike. How would you suggest I ask him out?"

"You could literally ask him in any way and he would say yes. You could just throw a lemon at him that says, 'Date?' and that would work."

Stan scrunches his face, looking at Richie questioningly. "Who the *fuck* would throw a lemon at someone?"

"I don't know, it was just to make a point. Like, you just need to ask him out."

"I'll think about it. Can you go now, because I've missed a good section of this bird documentary."

"I think you're using the term *good* rather loosely, but I'll leave you be, Stanny Boy!"

Richie is quite content with himself right now. He could just leave it now, hoping that Stan would make a move, but he knows better. He soon finds himself knocking Mike's bedroom door. Mike mumbles something that sounds like, "Come in!" so Richie lets himself in.

"Hello, Micycle!" Mike's seated at his desk with his laptop, and he rolls his eyes at Richie's nickname.

"Hey, Rich. What's up?"

"How's Stan?" Richie smiles at Mike innocently, making himself comfortable on Mike's bed.

"I'm pretty sure he lives here, too. You could ask him yourself."

"I think you know that's not the point."

Mike spun around in his desk chair to face Richie. He had a look of slight annoyance on his face, but Richie knew he was happy to talk about Stan.

"Stan is good." Richie looked at Mike, cocking an eyebrow to encourage him to say more. "Okay, fine. Stan is wonderful. Stan is everything in the entire world. I mean, he does puzzles with me! What more could I ask for?"

"Oh my God, what is with you guys and the puzzles? It's so weird, but I guess it's also so cute. When are you going to ask him out?"

"I don't know if he's into me like that," Mike said, looking a little somber.

"What if I could guarantee you that he's into you like that. Not even five minutes ago he was saying the same things about you. So one of you needs to stop being so lame and just ask the other out on a date."

"Wait, you talked to Stan about me? When? Why? What?" Mike looked quite alarmed as he spoke, eyes wide and eyebrows high.

"Yeah, like five minutes ago. Because I want you guys to finally kiss and be gay together."

"Oh, God. Now he's going to think I'm so weird and that I sent you and that I'm too much of a coward to talk to him myself."

"Dude, not the point, and not at all what he's thinking. He's thinking 'Oh, Mike likes me? How did I get so lucky? I want to kiss his soft, supple lips!' while he's watching his bird documentary."

Mike looks so soft at that sentence. "He's watching a bird documentary. Be still, my heart." Mike brings his hand up to hold his heart, and okay, these two are too fucking cute.

"Maybe I will ask him out, then."

"No maybes! I want a positive answer. I want a definitely!" Richie basically pleads.

"Fine, fine. I will definitely ask him out within this next week. I just need to figure out how."

"You could get a bird and tie a note around its neck. Or you could custom order a puzzle. Or you could-"

"I did not ask for suggestions. You are insane, by the way," Mike said as he shook his head. Richie just flashed him another smile.

"Speaking of you, how's the whole Eddie situation?" Richie tensed up at Mike's question.

"Oh, yeah. I guess I never told you. He kissed me last night," Richie said nonchalantly. Mike's jaw hit the floor. "He *what?* "

"Yeah, I don't know, he was sad about something with Chris and he kissed me. Just for a moment. Then he pulled away and shut himself in his room and told me it was a mistake and that he wasn't in love with me anymore, so. Guess that's where he stands."

"Oh, Richie. I'm so sorry," Mike's voice was empathetic as he got up from his desk chair to join Richie on the bed. "You deserve better than that. It wasn't fair of him to play with your feelings like that."

"See, that's the thing. I don't even fucking care about how unfair it was. I just want to kiss him again. I would literally do anything for him. He's got me wrapped around his fucking finger and he doesn't even care. Like, literally everything reminds me of him. Everything. I'm just always thinking of him, and so I'm always running out of the house because I don't want to be in the same house as him while I'm thinking of him. I dream of him, too. I can't even escape it when I sleep. This whole thing just fucking sucks."

Richie didn't realize it, but tears had come to his eyes. He put his head in his hands, sliding his fingers under his glasses to swipe at his eyes. Mike put an arm around him, pulling him close. It was comforting.

"I'm sorry, Rich. I wish I knew how to fix this, or at least how to help, but I just don't. I think it's just gonna take time." Richie buried his face into Mike's neck as he cried. Mike didn't even complain that he was getting tears on his shirt. God, Mike Hanlon really was a damn good friend.

"I know. I just wish it wouldn't take so long. I feel like I'm suffocating over here. He's perfectly fine, and I'm crying over him at least once a week."

And then Mike just held Richie, letting him sob into his shoulder. And Richie cried until the tears wouldn't come anymore. The tears stopped, but the pain didn't, and he was still thinking about Eddie as he pulled his head off of Mike's shoulder and wiped at his eyes.

Notes for the Chapter:

> this is kinda short but idk some of these next chapters will be shorter as we approach like the ~real drama~
>
> please come chat with me on tumblr @ birightsrichie ! i love getting asks & messages from u guys!
>
> ALSO hotpocketgf (tumblr) made an official playlist for the first fic and it's wonderful!!!! check it out!!!!

6. i've always been good to you, babe

Summary for the Chapter:

> Richie, for once, has no idea what to say. He's rendered speechless by this observation that Stan's made, and he knows it must be true to some extent because Stan wouldn't say anything if it wasn't important. RIchie's mouth is dry and his heart is pounding, and so he just excuses himself and walks up to his room like a zombie.
>
> title is from "26" by catfish and the bottlemen!

When Richie wakes up the next morning, his eyes sting. They're still pretty dry from all the crying last night. He doesn't remember when exactly he left Mike's room and came to his own, but he did eventually, because he's now in his own bed.

Richie contemplates never getting out of bed and just surviving off of the flavor blasted goldfish he has in his room, but he figures that might not be the smartest idea. It's when he's pulling on a pair of flannel pajama pants that he remembers it's Sunday, which means that Eddie is most likely already camped out at the library. That makes it monumentally easier to go downstairs.

When he gets downstairs, he sees Bill on the couch, eating a bowl of cereal and watching *Brooklyn Nine Nine* . Richie decides to join him once he grabs some food for himself. In the kitchen, Mike and Stan are once again doing a puzzle, which Richie truly just cannot understand. Like, a puzzle? Really? Ben's making waffles and Bev is here, giggling at whatever Ben just said.

"Richie!" Bev exclaims once she sees him, running to give him a hug. He's getting tired of all this pity, but at least it will probably get him a few waffles. Ben turns to Richie, asking, "Want some waffles? I'll even make you some with chocolate chips, if you want." And fuck, that sounds delicious. Richie nods, opening the fridge to grab some juice. If Richie was one thing, it was a juice fiend. He loved it - apple, orange, cranberry, you name it, he drank it.

Richie made his way over to Stan and Mike when Ben returned his attention to the waffles and Beverly. This puzzle seemed to be a picture of two cardinals, so Stan must have picked it out. Or maybe Mike did, since he's all whipped for Stan. "Good morning, Rich. Feeling better?" Mike asked without even looking up from their puzzle. They seemed to have some sort of system down. Richie had to admit, it was pretty cute of them.

"Yeah, I guess. Where's, uh-" Before Richie could finish, Stan interrupted him. "Library. You have nothing to worry about." Richie shot Mike a glance, criticizing him for seemingly telling Stan about his current lovesick situation. Mike put his hands up in defense, saying, "Hey, I tell him, like, everything!" Stan's focus stayed on the puzzle, but he flatly said, "It's also not that hard to figure out. I already had my suspicions, Mikey just confirmed them." He punctuated the last sentence by sliding a piece into the puzzle, and he and Mike had a weird mini celebration. It was one piece, so Richie had no idea why they were so excited.

Richie nodded, taking a swig from his juice. He was drinking a delicious cran-grape mix this morning, one of his favorites. He turned around, giving his attention back to Ben and Bev. He watched Ben plop a very large waffle onto a plate before sliding it over to Richie. After drenching the waffle in syrup, Richie thanked Ben with a kiss on the cheek and went to join Bill in the living room.

He sat down next to Bill, propping his feet up on the coffee table and balancing his plate on his lap. He slid his cup onto the side table, starting to dig into his waffle. Bill turned to Richie, asking, "How are you holding up, Rich?" And like, yeah, Richie was glad he had so many good friends who genuinely cared about him, but he was getting tired of constantly having to talk about it and constantly hearing his friends sound so sad and sympathetic when they spoke to him.

Regardless, he answered Bill's question. Bill was his oldest friend, so he had an obligation to keep him in the loop. "Eh, I've been better. Ya know, it's not easy living with your ex that you're still in love but that wants nothing to do with you romantically and you're so in love that you will take anything he gives you even though just being friends is killing you slowly." Bill nodded.

"I'm sorry, Richie."

The best thing about Bill was that he never pushed Richie to talk more than he wanted to. He would check in with him, making sure he was doing okay and making sure that Richie knew he always had a shoulder to cry on, but he never demanded that Richie tell him everything.

They sat and watched four episodes, exchanging little comments about how funny Captain Holt was, or how Jake Peralta was eerily similar to Richie in terms of having his life together. It was nice and relaxing, and for once Richie genuinely forgot about all the heartache.

Of course, all good things must come to an end. When they finished their fourth episode, Bill started to get up. "I've gotta go do my homework. Wish I could stay and watch with you, but unfortunately I must be responsible."

Richie nodded, deciding whether or not he wanted to continue watching. He went to take his plate to the kitchen, wanting to rinse it before it got too disgusting and syrupy (which, really, he had already missed the golden spot where it wouldn't be gross). Mike and Stan were still at the kitchen table, puzzling away. Ben and Bev had gone up to Ben's room, mumbling something about homework when really Richie was pretty sure they were just going to hook up.

So now Richie stood at the sink, washing his plate thoroughly because he knows that if he sticks it in the dishwasher with syrup still on it, Eddie will wring his neck. He's in his own world, trying to figure out what all he has to do today. He knows he has a paper due Tuesday about some movie they watched in class last week, but he really doesn't feel like writing that today. He knows he should, and he knows he will probably end up doing it anyways, but it doesn't mean he's not going to dread it the whole day.

"For what it's worth, I think this whole thing with Chris isn't going to last," Stan says matter-of-factly from the table. Richie's head snaps in his direction, suddenly giving Stan his full attention. He places the mostly clean plate in the dishwasher and walks over to the table.

"I'm sorry, what? What do you mean?" Richie is almost speechless, but he needs to hear more. He needs to know what Stan means, what Stan knows.

"Look, I shouldn't be telling you this, but he's still got feelings for you. He's trying to make them go away but it's not working because it's *you* . He's too stupid to realize you guys are in the same place. I think if you just give it time, let this whole Chris thing run it's course, things will work out again." Stan's looking at Richie earnestly as he speaks. Mike looks a little pained, like he knows that this is just going to fuck Richie up even more, but Richie couldn't care less.

Richie, for once, has no idea what to say. He's rendered speechless by this observation that Stan's made, and he knows it must be true to some extent because Stan wouldn't say anything if it wasn't important. RIchie's mouth is dry and his heart is pounding, and so he just excuses himself and walks up to his room like a zombie.

It's nearly 6:00 when Richie hears the front door open, accompanied by Eddie's fast-paced voice rambling about whatever it is he's rambling about now. Richie figures it's time for him to get some dinner, anyways, so he gets up and heads downstairs.

As soon as Eddie sees him, he says, "Are you seriously still in your pajamas? Tell me you didn't just wake up." Which, like, that is so Eddie of him to say. Richie laughs lightly, shaking his head and saying, "Nah, I woke up around 10, but never felt compelled to put on real clothes."

"I guess that's better?" Eddie says, fumbling through the pantry for something. He seems to find it, grasping a dark blue box and turning around. "I'm making pasta, do you want some?" Eddie asks, pulling out a pot and managing to make an absurd amount of noise at the same time. Richie nods, sliding into one of the barstools. For a house of six college boys, they are surprisingly well furnished. No thanks to Richie, of course. He's with five people who know how to decorate or whatever, and meanwhile his room could definitely be occupied by a ten year old and no one would know the difference.

"How was your studying, Mr. Spaghetti?" Richie asks, desperate for conversation.

"It was good! Chris joined me because he's, like, a microbiology *genius* and I am somehow completely lost, but after today, I actually understand everything perfectly because he's just so good at explaining it all." Richie's face falls a little at this story, but he masks it before Eddie can see.

And now Richie's doubting what Stan said earlier, because that's such a genuine thing that Eddie just said. And Chris is clearly better for Eddie than Richie ever was, and so Richie doesn't know why he's holding out hope that Eddie will leave this smart, put together guy just to come back to the walking human disaster that is Richie Tozier.

"That's really good. Chris seems like he's really good for you. I'm happy." Richie pauses, debating whether or not to add this next part. His brain tells him not to, but Richie doesn't really listen to what his brain tells him not to say. So, despite his brief internal battle, he says, "I wish I could have been that good for you."

Eddie stills. His face is frozen, jaw tight and color draining away. Richie realizes that what he said probably wasn't very smart, but he couldn't help it. Love makes you say stupid shit. He expects Eddie to just pass right by it, expects there to be an awkward silence followed by some new Eddie rambles, but instead, Eddie turns to him.

"Chee, you were good for me. Just because you couldn't tutor me in microbiology doesn't mean that you didn't help me in other ways." Eddie's voice is so sincere, and his face is so soft, and Richie doesn't know what to do. So he keeps with his pattern of completely ignoring his brain, and leans forward to press a kiss against Eddie's lips. Eddie kisses him back, but only for a moment, and then his lips are gone.

"Rich, no. We - I can't. I'm with Chris, it's not fair to him." Eddie looks pained to say this, but he's still saying it. Richie just nods, and he knows he should stay downstairs, he knows leaving is just going to make it worse, but he can't stop himself. He feels tears pricking at his eyes and he's *not* going to cry in front of Eddie, not right now.

And then Richie's gone. He slumps back up the stairs, going into his

room and closing the door behind him. He crashes into his bed, face buried in his pillows. He lets the tears flow. He doesn't know how he has any left after last night, but he somehow does. So he's laying in his bed and he's crying like a little bitch because he can't just take a hit and get over his ex.

It's around twenty minutes later when Richie hears a knock at his door. He lifts his face up briefly to mumble out, "Come in." He knows his voice sounds pathetic. Broken, even. He expects it to be Mike, or Bill, or Ben, or even Stan. He doesn't expect it to be Eddie. Of course, it is Eddie, because that's just how Richie's life works now. Eddie's standing in his doorway, a bowl of pasta balancing in each hand.

"Do you mind if I, uh, come in?" Eddie asks hesitantly.

Richie turns over in his bed, sitting up against the pillows. "Uh, yeah, sure."

Eddie makes his way to Richie's bed, handing him one of the bowls. It's just how Richie likes it, with the parmesan cheese under the marinara sauce. He remembers Eddie criticizing him the first time he watched Richie do this, but Richie had explained how *it perfectly melts the cheese!* and Eddie had conceded, admitting that it's a pretty smart idea.

"Rich, I'm sorry for-" Eddie tries to speak, but Richie cuts him off. "Eds, it's not your fault. You don't have anything to apologize for. I'm the stupid lovesick housemate who doesn't know how to move on."

They sit in silence for a moment, neither of them really knowing what to say next. They're both eating, Eddie at Richie's desk, and Richie in his own bed. Richie's pushing the penne noodles (the only kind Eddie uses because it's *the perfect sauce to noodle ratio!*) around aimlessly, not really having that much of an appetite.

Finally, Eddie speaks again. "Anyways, I'm sorry, Richie. I know you said it's not my fault, but I'm still sorry."

Eddie gets up to leave but Richie stops him, calling out, "Eds, wait." Eddie doesn't comment on the nickname, hasn't at all in this short conversation.

"Am I stupid for staying hung up on you? Do we still have a chance or is it just wishful thinking?" Richie's voice is quiet and vulnerable as he speaks, volume almost at a whisper. The look in his eyes is so raw, boring into Eddie's soul and begging him to tell him that this is all some terrible nightmare, begging him to climb into bed with Richie and snuggle up next to him, running his fingers through Richie's hair as Richie traces shapes on Eddie's skin with his fingers.

When Eddie replies, his voice matches Richie's. It's quiet and vulnerable and pained. "I don't know what you want me to say, Richie. I don't know what I could say. I just - I just don't know." Richie could have sworn he saw tears welling in Eddie's eyes as he turned to leave, but that could have been wishful thinking, too.

Notes for the Chapter:

anyways i lit rally cried while writing this so that's what's up babes!

come holler at me on tumblr and leave me some oneshot and/or fic requests!!!! i'm birightsrichie !!!

comments and kudos make my grinch sized heart grow three times bigger!!!

7. you see, i struggle to sleep at night

Summary for the Chapter:

> At first the dreams were sporadic and simple. It would always be the two of them on a date, or just hanging out, or even just being together. But then they started getting… hotter. It started simple with just some making out and heavy petting. But at this point, Richie was full on having constant sex dreams about Eddie. Like, five nights a week, at least.
>
> title is from "fallout" by catfish and the bottlemen!

Notes for the Chapter:

> uhh there's some nsfw material at the beginning of the chapter so just a warning.

To put things simply, Richie was having a really hard time sleeping. Every time he closed his eyes, he dreamed about Eddie. Which, like, it was nice in a way, because it felt so real. But then he would wake up and be ripped out of his fantasy.

At first the dreams were sporadic and simple. It would always be the two of them on a date, or just hanging out, or even just being together. But then they started getting… hotter. It started simple with just some making out and heavy petting. But at this point, Richie was full on having constant sex dreams about Eddie. Like, five nights a week, at least. Half the time he'd wake up with a wet spot in his boxers, the other half he'd wake up painfully hard and have to jerk off before he could get back to sleep.

So, of course, tonight started just like all of the others. Richie was exhausted and fell asleep seconds after his head hit the pillow. But this sleep was anything but restful.

Richie was laying in his bed, fucking around on his laptop. He was minding his own business, but then he heard a knock on his door. When he went to open it, Eddie was on the other side. He had this look in his

eyes, this look of pure desire. A look Richie had been longing to see again.

"Rich, I want you. I need you," Eddie said, shoving Richie up against the wall and pressing his tongue down his throat. The kiss was hot, desperate, needy. Eddie's hands were in Richie's hair, tugging at the dark curls, and Richie's hands found their home fiddling with the hem of Eddie's t-shirt. Richie slid his fingers under Eddie's shirt, feeling the expanse of his chest. He ran his fingers over Eddie's nipples, tweaking at them until Eddie was moaning his name on repeat.

Richie's lips were all over Eddie's neck, licking and biting until the skin bruised as proof this had happened. Eddie ground his hips into Richie's, and Richie's hip stuttered at the sudden pleasure. Richie pulled his mouth away from Eddie's skin, admiring his work. And then they were moving to the bed, clothes coming off on the way.

Richie laid back, and Eddie swung his leg over Richie's hips to straddle him. They were both only in their underwear now, but Richie still wished he could see all of Eddie. Eddie leaned down and pressed a chaste kiss to Richie's lips before moving his lips downwards, tracing a path from Richie's chest down to his groin.

Eddie mouthed over Richie's cock through his underwear, and the moan Richie let out was obscene and, frankly, would have been embarrassing if he wasn't so overcome with pleasure. The front of Richie's briefs were soaked with a mix of Eddie's saliva and his own precum, and he desperately needed Eddie to take him out and put his mouth on him.

"Please, Eds," Richie choked out, pupils blown wide and mouth hanging open. Eddie looked up at him, and fuck, he was beautiful. He slid Richie's briefs down and wrapped a hand around Richie, lowering his lips to the head of Richie's cock. He placed a wet kiss to the tip before sticking his tongue out to lick over the slit. Richie's eyes rolled back in his head from the pleasure.

Then Eddie ducked his head down, taking nearly all of Richie down his throat in one go. Richie's hand instinctively found their way to Eddie's hair, tangling into the soft locks. Richie's voice was breathy as he let out an explicit string of words. Eddie hummed around Richie's cock, sending vibrations that Richie could swear he felt in his spine. Richie watched as Eddie's red lips stretched around him, Eddie's eyes locked on his as he

bobbed his head.

"Fuck, Eds. You look so good like that. So pretty with my cock in your mouth, baby."

Eddie flattened his tongue along Richie's dick, and Richie felt that familiar coil in the pit of his stomach. He was about to warn Eddie that he was close when Eddie pulled off, a line of spit connecting his mouth to Richie's dick. The sight was pornographic, an image Richie wanted to remember forever.

Then Eddie was crawling back up to Richie's mouth, attaching their lips once again. The kiss was filthy, filled with passion and want. Richie heard Eddie mumble something against his lips, but couldn't make out what he said. He pulled his head back and gave Eddie a questioning look, to which Eddie said, "I want you to fuck me, Chee."

Richie did not need to be told twice. He flipped Eddie onto the bed and reached into his nightstand for some lube and a condom. He slid down Eddie's body, placing little kisses to his hot skin as he went. He lubed up three of his fingers, warming them quickly too. He went to slide his middle finger into Eddie's hole, only to find he was already stretched.

"Baby, you're already so loose, fuck," Richie breathed out, brain short circuting.

"I couldn't wait, fingered myself thinking all about you but it wasn't enough. Needed the real thing, need you to fuck me, Richie."

Richie slid in a second finger rather easily, pumping them in and out and scissoring them as he went. Eddie's hole was slick and desperate, just like the noises coming from his mouth. Richie pressed a third finger into Eddie, fingering him quickly until he was loose enough to comfortably take Richie.

Richie slid on the condom and spread lube along his length before lining himself up and rubbing the head over Eddie's hole. Eddie let out a whine, and Richie couldn't wait any longer. He slid in quickly, bottoming out in one swift motion. It felt so good to be inside Eddie, to feel him clenching down. Richie waited a moment so that Eddie could adjust, but then he started to fuck him at a brutal pace.

Eddie was letting out little "uh uh uhs" as Richie fucked him. Richie assaulted his prostate with nearly every thrust, and it wasn't long before Eddie felt himself getting close.

"Rich, 'm close, fuck," Eddie moaned out as he curled his fingers into Richie's hair, tugging lightly. Richie groaned and snapped his hips forward.

"Fuck, baby, you look so pretty for me. So good, you take my cock so well, fuck. So beautiful, so fucking beautiful."

And then Richie heard a crash come from downstairs, drawing his attention away from Eddie briefly. And he heard yelling, and he could have sworn it was Eddie's voice that he heard downstairs, and then…

Richie was awake. He rolled over in his bed, seeing his aching cock still trapped in his pajama pants. He could also hear the commotion downstairs, but he didn't care to pay attention to that right now. He had more important matters to take care of.

His own hand wasn't the same as Eddie, but it would have to do. For now, at least. He still held out hope that maybe he and Eddie had a chance. Maybe.

Richie reached into his nightstand to grab his lube, squirting a bit in his hand before finally freeing his dick and wrapping his hand around it. He pumped himself quickly, desperately chasing his release. With the images of dream Eddie fresh on his mind, it didn't take him long to come, spilling onto his fist. He cleaned himself up quickly, and then resolved to go downstairs and figure out what the hell had woken him up from his dream.

Downstairs, he was greeted with a very interesting sight. There was a broken mug on the floor of the kitchen, shards of glass scattered over the wood. Stan was sweeping it up with a little broom, and Eddie was yelling at Bill.

"Bill, what the *fuck* ! You know that mug was a gift from my mother, how could you just shatter it like *sentimental value* !" Eddie's face was getting red, and Richie had no idea why he was so angry about a glass plate.

"I'm sorry, Eddie. It was an accident!"

"Sorry doesn't fix the mug, asshole. What am I going to tell my mom? That my irresponsible, dumbass housemate was too fucking clumsy and broke the mug she gave me and that he shouldn't have been using it in the first place but that didn't stop-" Richie cut Eddie off, not willing to stand by and watch his best friend get torn apart.

"Eddie, chill the fuck out, dude. I'm sure Bill would be willing to pay to replace the mug, right Bill?" Bill nodded earnestly, eyes showing that he was thankful for Richie. "But Eds, you can't just yell at him at 9:30 in the morning for an accident. He said he didn't mean to, shit happens."

"I told you to stop fucking calling me Eds," Eddie muttered as he stormed out of the kitchen. Richie wondered what the fuck was up with him this morning.

"Thanks for stepping up, Richie. I'm sorry if we woke you," Bill said as he rubbed at his forehead anxiously.

"No worries, Big Bill. Not your fault that Eddie's tiny body holds the ability to be louder than a million screaming babies." Richie really wanted to ease the tension that was clear in Bill's body, and that line seemed to work a little. Bill let out a little laugh, and Stan did, too, from his place on the floor. He had finished cleaning up the entire mug.

"Stanthony, how did you get stuck cleaning up the mess?" Richie questioned, offering a hand to help him get up off the ground.

"Because I knew if I didn't do it, no one would. Eddie would be too stubborn, and Bill looked so terrified of Eddie that I didn't know when he would be able to move again." And then he added, "No offense, Bill."

Bill shook his head nonchalantly, seeming to concede that Stan was, in fact, correct.

"D'you guys wanna go grab breakfast? It's on me, since I woke you up, Rich, and since you cleaned up my mess, Stan," Bill asked. He was

always so sweet.

"Could we invite Mike?" Stan asked, clearly trying to sound more casual than he did.

"Of Course!" Bill said excitedly, since he was always happy to have another friend tag along.

"I'm gonna go put on real clothes but I'll be back down in a minute," Richie said, turning on his heel to go back upstairs.

Twenty minutes later, the four of them were seated at a booth in the nearest IHOP. Stan and Mike were seated awfully close, and Richie felt a little bit of smug victory at that. If his love life had to be pure shit, at least his friends were finally getting together.

"So what was Eddie's problem this morning?" Bill asked as he took a sip of his coffee. They had just ordered, and Richie, of course, had ordered the chocolate chip pancakes. His ultimate favorite breakfast. Bill had ordered blueberry pancakes, which, like, okay, but who wants fruit in their pancakes? Stan had ordered the waffle combo that came with bacon and eggs, and Richie had bullied him about it being the international house of *pancakes* , not waffles. Mike had just gotten plain pancakes with some bacon. He had insisted the flavor is all in the mixture of syrups.

"I don't know," Richie said, even though he had no reason to know. It was clear that the only person at the table who might have a clue was Stan. He looked guilty, almost, like he was deciding whether or not to tell the truth. He ultimately decided to speak.

"Uh, well, not to cause too much drama or anything, but he's mad at himself right now. He's still got feelings for Richie and he feels guilty since he's dating Chris, and he's too fucking stubborn to just give in and break up with Chris."

Richie's face burned hot at that. He was really beginning to believe the world was just fucking with him at this point, doing what it could to make his life as complicated as possible.

"Well, he told me there's no need for me to wait around, so. He's lying to one of us," Richie said, a slight passive aggressive tone to his voice. As if it was rehearsed, the other three replied, "You," in unison. Richie fought the blush that tried to creep up his neck.

"I'm gonna say it. I'm getting real sick of you guys with your 'oh i like him but there's no way he likes me so I'm not gonna do anything but it's so obvious that we are still in love but we're not but we definitely still dream about fucking each other because it was the best sex ever' thing," Bill said flatly.

Now Richie was blushing. Like, yeah, that's definitely his train of thought, but he just couldn't see how it was Eddie's, too. Eddie kept showing him that it wasn't, no matter what anyone else said.

"I mean, maybe that's what I'm thinking, but not Eddie. He keeps making it clear that he's done with me in that sense."

"Eddie likes to try to feel like he's in complete control of his feelings. Give it a little while and he'll give in to the fact that he misses you and he'll stop being an idiot," Stan said.

The waiter returned with their plates of food, so the conversation paused for a moment. They all dug in, and then Mike said, "I don't think it's fair to say Richie has to wait around for Eddie. I think if Eddie's gonna move on and date then you should at least try that. It might not work out, but sitting around is clearly hard for you."

Mike had a point. He probably should at least try the dating scene. Maybe he'll meet someone who at the very least can distract him from this whole Eddie mess.

"Oh, what about that girl that works at the radio station with you? I'd be willing to bet that she's interested based on the way she acts around you all the time," Bill said before stuffing his mouth with pancake.

"Oh, Hannah? Yeah, I guess I could ask her out."

"It doesn't hurt to at least try. Maybe Eddie will realize what it feels like to have the object of your affection start dating someone else and

then come to his senses," Stan said.

"I just feel bad because, like, it feels mean to try to make him jealous like that," Richie complained.

"Well, you've gotta do something, because I don't ever want to walk by your door to hear you moaning about Eddie in your sleep. That shit fucks you up, man. I wanted to cut my ears off," Stan laughed as he spoke, but there was a bit of seriousness to his voice.

Richie felt his ears go pink. He couldn't believe that someone had heard him. He couldn't believe he had moaned so loud that it could be heard outside the room. God, he was pathetic. The other three guys were still laughing at Richie's expense.

"Fine, fine. I'll ask her out when I see her later," Richie conceded, throwing his hands up to stop the laughter.

It might not be the *best* idea ever, but it was at least it was an idea. At least it gave him a shot at making something happen.

Notes for the Chapter:

> i'm trying to finish this before finals start in two weeks so!!! although honestly by the time finals roll around i will probably just start something else to give me an excuse not to study.
>
> also like. wtf man this story is giving me heart palpitations like i know that i'm writing it but frankly i can't control what these characters are doing ok.
>
> i love your comments!!! and also come hang on tumblr!!! i'm birightsrichie !!!

8. the fact that i lie is cause i want you

Summary for the Chapter:

> Richie feels bad, but he also doesn't. Eddie's the one who's been dating someone else for a while now. Richie's allowed to move on (even if he isn't really moving on, just distracting himself). Eddie's the one who's been jerking Richie around, kissing him and then saying he doesn't want anything romantic with him. Richie shouldn't have to feel guilty for trying to distract himself from his constant thoughts about Eddie.
>
> title is from "soundcheck" by catfish and the bottlemen!

The next day, Richie's working at the radio station and trying not to talk himself out of asking Hannah out. He knows he needs to do something about his heartache, but it's fucking hard. He would much rather just wallow in his sadness, but he knows that's not healthy. It's certainly been taking a toll on him.

So he's wrapping up his broadcast, and he's going to sort the new CDs, when he sees Hannah. She's pretty, he guesses. It's hard for him to think of anyone as pretty when he's had Eddie. But she's conventionally beautiful or whatever, and so he resolves to just stop overthinking everything and ask her out. Once he slides the last CD case into its spot, he makes his way over to her.

"Uh, hey, Hannah. What's up?" Richie's never this bland when he flirts, but he's not really flirting.

"Oh, you know, just living life. How was your broadcast?"

"It was great! No silly mistakes, which is rare for me." Richie pauses. He doesn't really know how to proceed. "So, if you're free this weekend, would you want to go out on a date? It's okay if not, it won't make things weird and I won't be all passive aggressive so-"

Hannah cuts him off, saying, "Of course I would, Richie!" and grinning. So, yeah, that worked. Now he just needs to learn how to not think about Eddie long enough to pay attention to her on the date.

"How about Friday night? We can go grab food and stuff."

Hannah smiles, tucking her rich brown hair behind her ear. Now Richie has to leave, cause the next broadcast is starting and now he's just in the way. He waves goodbye to Hannah and ducks out, feeling quite awkward. He's never had so little game in his life.

Once Richie pulls into the driveway, he prepares himself for what he's about to tell his roommates. It was their idea, after all, but he was pretty sure they were going to make a big deal about it and make him feel even more awkward.

He slides his key into the lock, entering the house quietly. It's only 9:00, but that could still be late, so he stays as quiet as possible. Bill, Stan, and Mike are crowded in the living room, watching *Brooklyn Nine Nine,* as always. They barely pay attention to Richie entering, so he walks around and stands in front of them, blocking the TV.

"Hey! We're trying to watch, dipshit!" Stan says, irritated. Bill reaches to pause it, knowing Richie isn't going to move.

"I did it," Richie says, providing no extra details. Mike quirks his eyebrow, clearly confused.

"What did you do, Richie?" Mike asks, and he sounds worried. Maybe he thinks Richie killed someone or something.

"I asked Hannah out. We're going to get food Friday night."

All three of the guys on the couch smile wide. Bill looks proud, saying, "That's great, Richie! A step in the right direction."

But then Richie sees someone move out of the corner of his eye, and Eddie's standing in the kitchen doorway. He had been in the kitchen the whole time, hearing this conversation. His face is almost unreadable, but Richie can tell he's hurt. He can see the glint of sadness in his eyes. Eddie doesn't say anything, just goes upstairs

with his mac and cheese. He must be really upset if he's willing to eat in his room.

Richie feels bad, but he also doesn't. Eddie's the one who's been dating someone else for a while now. Richie's allowed to move on (even if he isn't really moving on, just distracting himself). Eddie's the one who's been jerking Richie around, kissing him and then saying he doesn't want anything romantic with him. Richie shouldn't have to feel guilty for trying to distract himself from his constant thoughts about Eddie.

Friday comes before Richie's ready. He's worried about this date, worried he's going to think about Eddie the whole time. Hannah's a good person and she deserves someone who can actually pay attention to her. Richie tries to make himself promise to pay attention to her the entire time. Then, if he has to, he can come home and jerk off in the shower to thoughts of Eddie (which he probably shouldn't be doing, but whatever).

Richie puts a little more effort into his look, wearing a shirt that doesn't have a logo on it and jeans without any rips. He also actually styles his hair a little bit instead of just leaving it to be the unruly mess of curls it naturally is. It's almost 6:15 when he heads downstairs. Mike and Stan are doing a rather large puzzle on the coffee table, but they look up when they see Richie.

Mike lets out a wolf whistle, to which Stan gives him a pointed look. Stan then says, "I didn't know you owned clothes that weren't terrible." Stan's version of a compliment. Richie will take what he can get.

"Figured I'll give Hannah my best," Richie says with a weak grin. He's weirdly nervous, but it almost doesn't feel like first date jitters. Eddie walks into the room and stops when he sees Richie. The two of them hold eye contact for a second, tension filling the room.

"You look nice, Rich. She'll love it," Eddie says flatly. He's clearly trying to mask the hurt (and jealousy?) in his voice, but Richie knows him too well. He sees right through it. He doesn't say anything,

though. He just says his goodbyes and strolls out to his car.

Once he gets in, he braces his hands against the steering wheel and takes a deep breath. It's a little shaky on the way out. The look in Eddie's eye was almost enough to make Richie cancel this date, but he knew that even if he did that, Eddie wasn't going to suddenly want to date him again. He was going to run to Chris, and Richie was going to be left to his own saddness.

He makes the short drive to the dorms, where Hannah still lives. He texts her saying that he's there, and then he gets out of his car and waits outside the building for her. She comes outside, wearing a denim skirt and striped shirt. It's cold out, though, so she's also wearing sheer black tights and a coat.

"You look beautiful," Richie says. And she does, just maybe not as beautiful as Eddie. Richie pushes that thought out of his head, forcing himself to focus on the girl in front of him. They walk to his car, joking around. Once they get inside, he puts on a playlist, knowing she'll appreciate the music.

They continue with the flirty small talk on the drive to the restaurant. Richie was taking her to his favorite Thai place since he remembered she once mentioned how she hadn't had a good pad thai in ages. It'd been forever since Richie had eaten there, too, so he was excited.

He'd found this place with Eddie. It was one of their favorites, too. They went nearly every other week, getting the shrimp pad thai and the sweet and sour stir fry and splitting them. So maybe there was a reason he hadn't been back yet. And maybe it was stupid of him to try bringing Hannah here. But they had already parked and were getting ready to walk in, so it was too late to shake things up.

Once they were seated, Richie forced himself to focus solely on Hannah. She was funny and they had a similar taste in music, so that should be enough, right? She's flirting, being very touchy and laughing at all of Richie's jokes, but it's just not doing anything for Richie. He does his best to feign interest, though, not wanting to seem like a dick.

It's when Hannah says she's going to get the shrimp pad thai and asks

if he wants to get something else to split that Richie realizes he can't do this. Tears threaten to fall down his cheeks as he tries to come up with the words to say. He is *not* going to cry in front of another girl, damn it.

Except he is, because now he's crying. Hannah's looking at him, obviously completely lost on what's going on, since all she did was ask if he wanted to split two dishes.

"We don't have to split? It was just a suggestion..." Hannah says tentatively, trying to remedy the situation.

"Th-that's not it, Hannah. I just, I used to come here with my ex all the time and we would always split stuff and, God, I'm sorry. I can't do this. I'm not ready, I'm sorry, this is so unfair to you, but-" Richie's rambling now, trying to show how sorry he is, but Hannah cuts him off.

"Hey, it's okay, Richie. I get it. You don't have to apologize. If you need someone to talk to, though, I'm right here."

Hannah has an understanding and warm look on her face, and suddenly Richie feels just a little bit more at ease. Emphasis on just a little bit, though.

"Yeah, I don't know. It's hard to talk about."

"We can talk about anything else, then, if you want. Or we can go. It's up to you."

Richie thinks for a moment. He knows if he goes home he's just going to go up to his room and feel sad on his own, which isn't exactly great for his mental health. So he decides it's better to stay here.

"Let's stay. If I go home, I'll just see him and then get upset again. Or I'll see he's not home, which might be more upsetting."

"Do you guys live together? Actually, sorry, you said you don't want to talk about it. So, uh, what music are you listening to right now?"

"No, it's okay. Yeah, we're housemates. There's six of us. We were sleeping together when we signed the lease, and then we started

dating. We broke up for the summer though, because I'm a coward who was scared he was going to leave me so I wanted to give him an out, and he took it. Now we're back and under the same roof and it's hard as fuck, especially since he's dating some idiot. I don't know, a lot of it is my fault, so it's hard for me to feel bad for myself." Richie's fidgeting with his thumbs, trying to occupy himself so he won't get too involved in what he's saying.

"That does sound rough. Does he know you're feeling this way? It might not be one-sided."

"Yeah, I've thought about that, but anytime we get close to maybe being… *something* again, he pulls back and rejects me. So now I'm trying to stop putting myself in that situation, because it sucks to get your heart smashed repeatedly."

They end up spending the rest of dinner talking about music after that. They discuss the best SWMRS album, and give each other suggestions for new music they've found. It's nice, and it takes Richie's mind off of Eddie for a little while.

Later, when Richie gets home, he sees everyone (minus Ben, who's probably at Bev's) sitting in the living room and watching a movie. Stan reaches for the remote and pauses it as Richie walks around to the front. He notices the hand that isn't holding the remote is intertwined with Mike's, which makes his heart jump a little. There's some hope for love, at least.

"How was the date?" Bill asks, and Richie would be honest, really, but Eddie is in the room and he's not about to reveal what happened in front of him. He can't have Eddie knowing that he's still going around and crying over their relationship.

"It was great! We spent like the whole night talking about music. We really clicked," Richie said with a fake smile plastered to his face.

Eddie's face fell. He stood up and slumped up the stairs, earning some confused looks from the rest of the group. Stan tried to call out how Eddie would miss the ending of their movie, but Eddie just kept

going.

"I don't know what his problem is," Richie complained as he sunk down into Eddie's old spot.

"Probably that he's still got feelings for you and doesn't like the fact that you're no longer waiting around for him," Mike said with a shrug, earning a pointed glance from Stan.

"Okay, well I'm actually not going out with Hannah, because I fucking cried at the restaurant because I fucking miss him, okay? Like, I wasn't going to say that right here, right in front of him, but that's what happened. We'll still hang out as friends, but we sure as hell aren't dating."

The other three guys stared back at Richie, mouths agape at the confession. Stan was the first to speak up, saying, "I sincerely cannot believe how stupid the both of you are. I also can't believe this has been my life for a year now."

Richie grimaced when he realized just how long this whole ordeal has been going on. Sure, last year it was different, but it was also the same. He wants to get back to the good part, where they're together and happy and forget about any of the pain that led up to them being together.

"Alright, Richie. I know I've said this like a million times, and I know you never listen, but will you please just swallow your pride and tell Eddie how you feel?" Bill complained, throwing his head back dramatically.

" *My pride?* Dude, I just told you that I *cried* in public on a date because of Eddie. I don't think I have much pride left to swallow."

"You get what he means, though. And he's right. One of you has to do something because we're sick of watching you both spin out in different directions over the fact that you're still in love and too fucking stubborn to say anything," Mike said.

"I'll think about it, okay?" Richie said, starting to stand.

"That's what you *always* say!" Bill complains, but Richie's already

halfway up the stairs.

And yeah, maybe they do have a point. And yeah, maybe he's known that all along. But that doesn't make this any easier. He wonders if any of them have said the same to Eddie, and if Eddie is being just as stubborn. But then again, he doesn't even *know* if Eddie actually still loves him, or if he's just being a brat about the fact that Richie is trying to move on now.

And maybe it's not fair to call Eddie a brat, since Richie would definitely beat the shit out of Chris if he were given the opportunity. They're bratty in different ways, he guesses. Except he doesn't realize it's not that they're being bratty, it's that they're in love but refuse to cave and be the first to admit it.

Notes for the Chapter:

> yOoo i wrote this in four sittings because i kept getting fuckin interrupted!!!! rude!!!! ANYWAYS our boys are getting closer to being slightly less stupid!
>
> please come drop oneshot and/or fic requests/ prompts in my ask on tumblr!!! birightsrichie !!!
>
> i LOVE all of u so much ok. thank u for reading and commenting and leaving kudos. u are my lifeline!!!

9. leave that taste in my mouth

Summary for the Chapter:

> "Chee, I miss you," Eddie slurred, wrapping his arms around Richie's neck and pulling him close. He was already wiggling his hips, and it was making it extremely difficult for Richie to pull away. He did, though, because Richie Tozier is a good person, damn it.
>
> title is from "oxygen" by catfish and the bottlemen!!

Richie's on his fourth shot of the night. They're throwing another party, something that Bill had suggested this time because there's a cute girl in his English Lit class that he wanted to invite, and apparently no one in this house is competent enough to not just ask someone out. Apparently they have to throw a party, like this is *The Great Gatsby* or something. Then again, Richie would gladly throw a party if it meant he could have Eddie, so maybe he understands.

Richie had thrown back his first shot relatively early on when he saw Eddie grinding up against some random guy. He had been so preoccupied, he hadn't even noticed that it wasn't Chris. Then he heard from Mike that Chris couldn't come, and Eddie was alone and now Richie was mad at Chris, so he threw back another shot.

Eddie was drinking at the same pace. In fact, he might even be more drunk than Richie. Richie had been trying to avoid him all night, not wanting to make a mistake that he would regret when he was sober, but from the glimpses of Eddie he caught, he could tell he was *drunk* . This also meant he was probably upset because Eddie rarely got *drunk* . Maybe tipsy, but that's it.

So as Richie watched Eddie do a body shot off some hot guy, he downed yet another shot. He was feeling it now - his limbs felt like jelly and his barely-there filter was completely nonexistent. He got extra touchy when he got drunk, so now he was wrapping his arms around Ben and pulling him into a big hug. Ben was too kind to push Richie away and tell him how terrible he smelled, so instead he just

hugged him back.

Richie was stumbling his way through the living room, searching for a seat, when he saw Stan and Mike. They waved him over to the couch, and he struggled through sweaty bodies to get there. He plopped down next to them, taking a deep breath.

"Eddie looks so fucking good tonight," Richie slurred. Eddie wasn't even in the room right now, Richie was just still thinking about him. "I don't know why the fuck Chris isn't here. I'd never leave him all alone at a party. I'd be too afraid that someone else would see how hot he is and sweep him off his feet."

"How much have you had to drink?" Stan asked. He already knew the answer, but still wanted to ask.

"Just enough to feel gooooooood," Richie said with a grin, planting a wet kiss on Stan's cheek.

"Okay, I'm done. Let's go upstairs, Mike." Stan started to get up off the couch, but Mike pouted. "I'm having fun!"

Stan gave Mike a pointed look and said, "I'll make it worth your while," and then Mike was standing. They disappeared up the stairs moments later, leaving Richie on his own. He watched with glazed over eyes as random strangers danced in his living room. He envied their closeness, their ability to not be hung up on Eddie fucking Kaspbrak.

As if on cue, Eddie stumbled over to Richie and sat in his lap. So, yeah, Richie was right. Eddie was *drunk* .

"Chee, I *miss* you," Eddie slurred, wrapping his arms around Richie's neck and pulling him close. He was already wiggling his hips, and it was making it extremely difficult for Richie to pull away. He did, though, because Richie Tozier is a good person, damn it.

"Eds, you're drunk. I don't want you to do anything you're going to regret," Richie reasoned. It's a weird feeling for him, being the voice of reason and all. He resolves to not ever do it again.

"But I *need* you, Rich. Miss you, miss your lips, your fingers," and

Eddie leaned in close, pressing his lips up against Richie's ear, before adding, "your cock."

And Richie had been trying to resist. He didn't want to take advantage of Eddie. He didn't want the first time they were together again to be something that neither of them would even be able to remember in the morning. But with Eddie on his lap, whispering those words, it was getting impossible. Richie figured the best thing for him to do was to take himself out of the situation. He was going to take Eddie up and put him to bed, so that Eddie wouldn't do anything he would regret in the morning.

"Come on, Eds. Let's go upstairs. You need to sleep. You're too drunk right now."

Eddie follows Richie like a lost puppy, not paying attention to anything but the hand pulling him along. Richie's in his own head, thinking about how he deserves a goddamn prize for not immediately caving and sleeping with Eddie when that's all he's been thinking about for weeks.

They both stumble their way to Eddie's room, and within moments, Richie has Eddie tucked into his bed and ready to sleep. Richie's twisting the doorknob when he ears Eddie's voice slur out, "Rich, can you lay with me for a bit?"

And, okay, Richie's only human, so he agrees. He slides into bed next to Eddie, making sure he leaves a sliver of space between them. Eddie's the one who closes that gap, though. He curls right into Richie's side like he used to.

"I don't know why I'm with Chris," Eddie mumbles, and Richie chokes out a breath he didn't realize he had been holding, immediately sobering up. He doesn't say anything back, though. It's too risky.

"I really don't. Maybe because I'm afraid you don't want me back."

Richie's heart sinks when he hears that. He's been crying over Eddie for *weeks* , nearing *months* , and Eddie's feeling just as bad? Richie wants to be mad at Eddie for letting him feel this much pain, but he can't. He doesn't know how to be mad at Eddie.

"I'll always want you back," Richie finally says, voice small and vulnerable. He thinks Eddie's fallen asleep, then, because he stays quiet. He turns his head to look, and is met with Eddie's open eyes. And then Eddie's lips are on his again, and even though he tastes like liquor, it's still good. It's great, even. It's home.

The kiss is soft at first, but then Eddie presses his tongue against Richie's lips. Eddie's tongue slides into Richie's mouth, deepening the kiss. Their lips are bruising from their how desperately they're kissing each other, but that's not enough to make them stop.

When Eddie finally pulls back, they're both panting. Richie is sure that, even in his alcohol-fueled haze, Eddie is going to tell him this means nothing and kick him out. But he doesn't. Instead, he throws his leg over Richie's hips and straddles him, leaning back down to drag his lips along Richie's jaw. Eddie's hands are tugging at Richie's hair, drawing moan after moan from Richie's mouth.

Eddie slides his fingers under the hem of Richie's shirt, breathily mumbling, "Too much clothes. Take this off."

Richie complies, pulling the shirt over his head and tossing it somewhere else in the room. He'll find it tomorrow. Right now, he's got the love of his life on his lap again and that's all he wants to think about. Eddie is trailing his mouth down Richie's front, leaving kisses against the hot skin. Richie's still moaning endlessly, unable to form a coherent thought that isn't *Oh my God, Eddie is kissing me.*

When Eddie gets to the waistband of Richie's pants and hooks his thumbs underneath, Richie realizes what they're doing.

"Eds, wait, stop," Richie rushes out. He doesn't want to stop, but he can't keep going. "Look, Eds. I'm still in love with you. I can't do this if you're just going to go back to ignoring me and pretending there's nothing here anymore. It hurts too fucking much."

Richie's eyes are watery now, his admission feeling like fire as it leaves his mouth.

"No, no, it's not nothing. Fuck, Rich. I love you, too. I'm fucking stuck on you for some reason."

Richie knows, deep down, that this isn't going to fix everything. Or even anything. He knows that tomorrow, Eddie is going to freak out about this and say something about how he was drunk and this didn't mean anything. But then Eddie is sliding Richie's pants down, and mouthing over the bulge in his pants, and Richie can't seem to think about anything else.

Eddie wastes no time before he pulls down Richie's underwear and wraps his mouth around his cock. Immediately, Richie's hips stutter, chasing after the wet chasm of Eddie's mouth. Eddie takes Richie all the way down his throat, and Richie lets out an obscene string of *fucks* and *Eddies*. Richie can feel his orgasm approaching quickly, his stomach beginning to tighten with pleasure. His cock twitches in Eddie's mouth, and just as Richie is about to warn Eddie that he's close, Eddie pulls off.

"Can't have you coming yet. I want you to fuck me."

Eddie reaches into his nightstand, grabbing a condom and lube. Richie flips them, then, and climbs on top of Eddie, assaulting his neck with his mouth. He leaves a hickey in the place that Richie remembers is Eddie's most sensitive spot, and basks in the noises of pleasure coming from Eddie's mouth. He pulls back moments later and admires his work.

"You've got too much on, Eds," Richie says, pulling Eddie's top over his head. He starts travelling down Eddie's body, running his hands over the expanse of Eddie's chest as he trails down. He pops the button on Eddie's jeans, tugging them off clumsily.

Eddie is impossibly hard under his briefs, and Richie takes a moment to relish in the fact that he can still do this to him. That he can still affect him like this. Then he's pulling them off and wrapping his lubed up fingers around Eddie's dick, tugging loosely. He's giving Eddie just enough to get a reaction, but not enough to make him come. When he removes his hand, Eddie lets out the hottest whine Richie has ever heard.

"Don't worry, baby. Just gotta open you up," Richie coos, squeezing more lube onto his fingers and pressing his middle finger up against Eddie's hole. Eddie tries to push down, grinding against the tip of

Richie's finger. Richie uses his left hand to steady Eddie, wrapping it around his waist and holding him there.

He presses his finger in, suddenly remembering how good it feels to open Eddie up. He's always loved the noises he can draw from him when he's desperate for more. It doesn't take long for Richie to have Eddie panting and whining, begging for another finger. Richie presses it in, sliding them in and out at a slow but deliberate pace.

"Rich, fuck, please, m- *fuck!* "

Eddie is ripped from his train of thought when Richie crooks his fingers, brushing up against his prostate just so.

"Does that feel good, Eds?" Richie asks through a smirk. Eddie can't even get out a response, but the moans falling from his mouth are an answer on their own.

After Richie has slid in a third finger and stretched Eddie out more, Eddie starts begging desperately.

"Please, Rich. I'm ready, just fuck me already, fuck," Eddie whines, voice thick with want. And that's all Richie needs to hear. He withdraws his fingers so he can slide on the condom and lube himself back up.

He presses the head of his cock up against Eddie's hole, bracing himself. He pushes in with a slow, fluid motion. When he bottoms out, he leans forward and presses a kiss to Eddie's lips, waiting for him to adjust. It doesn't take Eddie long, and soon Eddie is rolling his hips and trying to get more friction.

Richie takes the cue, pulling out before thrusting back in. He fucks him at a steady pace, not slow but not fast either. It's enough to have Eddie letting out a string of *uh uh uhs* but not so fast that he can't appreciate every little piece of Eddie as he grinds his hips forward. He watches the way Eddie's skin glistens under the sheer layer of sweat, feels how Eddie's hands claw at his back, begging for more. He takes it all in, because it's all he's wanted for months. Having his love under him again is everything.

Eventually, Richie decides to pick up the pace, chasing his own orgasm and wanting to bring Eddie over the edge. He's fucking into Eddie quickly, snapping his hips repeatedly at a punishing pace.

"Fuck, Chee, I'm so close. God, you feel so fucking - *uh* - good, fuck," Eddie moans out, eyes squeezed shut in bliss. Richie wraps his hand around Eddie's cock, matching his brutal pace with his strokes. That's all it takes to push Eddie over the edge, his cum spilling over Richie's fingers and onto his own stomach. Richie fucks him through his orgasm, pulling out once Eddie starts to recoil from the overstimulation.

He pulls off the condom, taking his own cock in his hand and stroking fast. He's close, and seeing Eddie so fucked out underneath him, covered in his own cum, is enough to have him coming. He comes in long spurts on Eddie's stomach, mumbling Eddie's name over and over again.

Richie lays down next to Eddie, still panting. He watches Eddie reach over into his nightstand, returning with two baby wipes, because of course Eddie is that prepared. He passes one to Richie so that he can clean his hand while Eddie swipes it over his stomach, gathering the drying cum. Richie takes the used wipe from him, getting up to toss them both into Eddie's trash can.

Then Richie crashes back down, and Eddie wraps his arms around Richie's torso and pulls him in close. They fall asleep like that, wrapped up in each other's arms. And for once, everything feels right again.

Notes for the Chapter:

> yea i wrote that! but it's only chapter 9 so is the angst really over? are u ever really safe with me?
>
> ALSO i made a masterlist on my tumblr since i've started writing little blurbs on there, so feel free to check it out! there's fluffier stuff there too!! and u can send me prompts for oneshots if ur feeling wild!!
>
> ok I LOVE U GUYS and ur comments make me feel so

soft!!! as always, my tumblr is birightsrichie if u want to chat!

10. if i get time i'd just regret most shit

Summary for the Chapter:

> Mike and Stan are silent for a moment. Their eyes flit back and forth between each other and Richie, and Richie is sure he's about to be chastised for being a big fucking drunk idiot. Bill practically skips into the kitchen then, clearly having a bit of pep in his step after last night. Richie guesses the whole house was having sex. But as Bill enters, he feels the weird energy, and immediately halts. He looks around cautiously.
>
> title is from "twice" by catfish and the bottlemen!

Notes for the Chapter:

> oh yea i am adding this late bc i forgot but minor warning for biphobia! it's just one line but still (p.s. i'm bisexual as fuck so like)

Richie is woken up the next morning by Eddie relentlessly poking at his side. It takes him a minute to come to, still groggy and viciously hungover when his eyes finally open.

"You have to get the fuck out of my bed, Richie," Eddie whisper-snaps.

"Not even a good morning? Didn't know you were such a lousy host, Eds," Richie says lazily, a soft grin spreading on his face.

"Fucking stop calling my Eds and get out of my bed. Chris is on his way over."

That wakes Richie up. Yeah, he had sex with Eddie again, mere hours ago, and had felt like he was on top of the world. But now Eddie was still going back to Chris, so really what was the point of this?

"Oh, shit, yeah. Sorry. I'll go," Richie rushes out as he stumbles through Eddie's room and collects his clothes.

"Fuck, Richie! Why the fuck did you give me a hickey? Are you actually dumb?" Eddie snarks.

"Okay, back off, dude. I was *drunk* . I wasn't thinking about how you were cheating on your boyfriend, geez."

Tension rises in the room. Things were already tense, but it was at least amicable. Richie knows he shouldn't have said that, because what happened last night is just as much Richie's fault (even though he doesn't really think that because he did *try* to turn Eddie several times). When Richie finally gets the courage to turn around and look at Eddie again, he's met with a stone cold expression.

"Just get out of my room."

And so Richie leaves. He maybe should have said something along the lines of *What if I don't want to go? What if you broke up with Chris and we just lay here all day?* But, obviously, he didn't. He just pretended that everything that happened only happened because of the alcohol, because that was easier.

Richie is half dead as he pads down the stairs, greeted with a messy living room. There's a partially filled trash bag sitting on the carpet, leading Richie to believe that someone (Stan, probably) had started cleaning but given up.

In the kitchen, Stan is bent over the *New York Times* , doing the crossword and sporting *several* hickies on his neck. Richie internally congratulates Mike. He's a good friend - he's always happy to know his bros are getting laid.

Just then, Mike enters behind Richie and pats him on the back.

"Morning, sex hair! Did you get some last night?" Mike asks. It's almost out of character for him to be that open about it, but maybe his newfound love with Stan has changed him.

"Uh, yeah," Richie mumbles as he pours himself a cup of coffee. He's praying that there aren't any follow-up questions, but he knows better. Once his cup is filled to the brim, Mike reaches over him to grab the coffee pot.

"Who's the lucky lady or lad?" Stan asks, never taking his eyes off the page.

"Well, it's funny, you see, because, well, um… it was Eddie."

Mike spills coffee everywhere, jumping back and shouting, "Fuck!" in the process. Stan's eyes have turned to saucers and are trained on Richie's guilty expression.

"I'm sorry, *who?!* " Stan asks. Richie can tell that Stan is secretly hoping there's another person named Eddie that Richie slept with, since that would be much less complicated.

"Uh, yep. Eddie. Our wonderful housemate. My ex that I'm still in love with, who has a boyfriend that's coming over right now. That Eddie."

Mike and Stan are silent for a moment. Their eyes flit back and forth between each other and Richie, and Richie is sure he's about to be chastised for being a big fucking drunk idiot. Bill practically skips into the kitchen then, clearly having a bit of pep in his step after last night. Richie guesses the whole house was having sex. But as Bill enters, he feels the weird energy, and immediately halts. He looks around cautiously.

"What's with the vibe?" he asks, not daring to take another step.

"Richie and Eddie slept together last night," Stan deadpans. Bill's jaw nearly hits the floor.

"You *what?* " he exclaims.

"Yes, we slept together, okay? And yes, it was stupid, okay? I know that!" Richie is getting a little irritated now, because he knows how stupid it was but he's still about to have his heart re-broken, so he could really use some friends right now.

"Can you walk us through the evening, Rich?" Mike asks, taking the seat next to Stan.

"But stop at the sex, please," Mike tacks on, and the other two nod in agreement.

Richie slides into a seat across from Stan, and Bill joins him in the neighboring chair. Richie leans forward, putting his head in his hands briefly and thinking about what started the whole incident. He sucks in a shaky breath before starting his story.

"Okay, so. We were both pretty drunk, right? And Stan and Mike had just gone upstairs," Richie waggles his eyebrows at that, and Stan blushes. "So I was sitting on the couch alone, being my own drunk self, when Eddie came and sat on my lap. He was also drunk. And he started saying he missed me, and that he missed having sex with me, and that he wanted to fuck me. But I knew he was drunk and I knew I was drunk, so I just told him he should go to bed. Like I actually resisted! I walked him up to his room to make sure he didn't do anything stupid. And I did get him in bed! But then he asked if I would lay with him for a bit, and like, fuck, I should have said no, but I couldn't. So I climbed into bed next to him. And then he starts saying he doesn't know why he's with Chris, and that maybe it's because he's afraid that I won't take him back. So I turn to tell him that I will always want him back, and then he kissed me. And then, you know, we fucked."

Stan grimaced at the addition of the last part. But all in all, the whole group looks stunned. Not necessarily that the feelings are there, but that that's how they came out.

"Okay, don't get me wrong, I'm glad he finally told you the truth, but I can't believe it was under those circumstances," Stan says. The others nod in agreement. No one knows what to say. Richie's about to mention how Eddie kicked him out this morning and Richie may have said some choice words on the way, but then they hear stomping down the steps.

"Where the fuck is he?" comes a voice from outside the kitchen. Chris's voice. Oh, shit. Eddie must have told him what happened. Chris busts through the door, eyes trained on Richie's lanky form.

"I'm going to fucking kill you, Tozier!" Chris says as he makes his way towards Richie. Eddie enters right behind Chris, begging him to stop. Chris isn't listening. Richie stands, ready to fight (even though he is not strong and will definitely lose). Chris's face is bright red, and it's almost as if steam is shooting out from his ears. He looks furious as

he approaches Richie, squaring up when he gets close enough.

Richie sees a fist pull back, and closes his eyes to brace himself for the hit, but it never comes. When he opens them, Ben has stepped in between the two men. Richie didn't even know he was there, but dear God, was he thankful. He was about to get his ass handed to him from some biology major.

"I think you should leave," Ben says, calm but stern. Richie wishes he could exude testosterone in the way Ben Handsome does. But then again, Ben doesn't have nearly as good of taste in music, so you win some, you lose some.

Chris still looks infuriated, but he's no longer gearing up to punch Richie square in the jaw. He turns, looking at Eddie. Richie can't see, but he can tell that whatever expression is on Chris's face isn't a good one. Eddie looks hurt.

"Whatever. I'm leaving. And this is over, just in case that wasn't clear," Chris snaps before turning back around to face Richie. "And you - you're lucky your personal bodyguard was here to save your ass, because I would have killed you."

"Chris, it wasn't his fault. We were both drunk," Eddie pleads, and Richie thinks it's weird that Eddie's coming to his defense.

"I don't care. He should know better than to sleep with my boyfriend. Stupid bisexual slut," Chris spits out, not stopping to hear any other arguments. He's out the door seconds later, and Richie really, *really* hopes that the last they ever see of Chris.

"Well, I, for one, will miss his gentle presence," Richie jokes, trying to ease the tension in the room.

"I'm sorry he said those things, Rich," Eddie says solemnly, as if it was his fault.

"It's okay, Eddie Spaghetti. And I'd take a million punches for you, cutie," Richie says, trying to be jokingly flirty. Instead, it just sounds genuine. Maybe because it is.

Eddie doesn't say anything, just turns on his heel and slumps back up

the stairs. Richie resolves to check on him later, but he figures right now, that wouldn't be very helpful. Then Ben turns to face Richie.

"So, one, you're welcome for saving your ass. Two, Eddie, huh?" Ben finishes with a raise of his eyebrows.

"Yeah, yeah. As if everyone on planet Earth didn't know I was still hung up on him. Sure, I was drunk as fuck, but that doesn't mean it wasn't something I wanted. Whatever. This has been a very strange morning."

"At least Eddie's single now," Stan says flatly. He'd gone back to filling out the crossword, but was still adept at chiming in when necessary.

"I guess you're right. I'm not just gonna swoop in on a freshly heartbroken Eds, though. I don't wanna be a rebound," Richie insists.

"Idiot. Chris was the rebound. You're the main thing," Mike says as he lifts his coffee up to his face.

Huh. Richie had never thought of it like that. But maybe Mike was right. Maybe now was his chance. He knew there was only one person on this planet that could give him the perfect advice, so he grabbed his coat and headed for the door.

Notes for the Chapter:

> oh man i have a plan for this but every chapter i just add in random shit that wasn't planned. like i was not gonna have a fight almost happen nor was i gonna have chris and eddie break up this soon, but damn. it just happened!
>
> pls send me ficlet prompts on tumblr! i wanna do a little ficmas series, so send me stuff to write!!! it can be fluffy or smutty or angsty or whatever!!!
>
> comments and kudos are the powerhouse of my cell! that wasn't funny sorry i am sleep deprived babey

11. come back and find me

Summary for the Chapter:

> "So what the fuck do I do, Bev?" Richie groaned, half out of desperation and half out of frustration. This whole thing had gotten way too out of hand.
>
> "I think it's about time you tell your man how you feel," Beverly reasoned, as if that was the obvious and only possible choice. Which, yeah, it was the obvious choice, but he could just continue to stew in his heartbreak and try to push his feelings down.
>
> title is from "sidewinder" by catfish and the bottlemen!

"Rich, where the fuck are you going?" Bill calls after him, getting up to follow him. Ben follows too, but Mike and Stan stay in the kitchen, presumably to finish the crossword. Boring ass gays. This is top notch drama!

"I gotta go talk to Bev," Richie answers, barely slowing.

"She's upstairs," Ben says quietly into his cup of coffee. Okay, that makes sense. He should have seen that coming. He pockets his keys and tosses his coat down on the couch, turning back towards the group. A grin spreads across his face.

"Why of course she is. Thank you, Haystack!" Richie ruffles Ben's hair before bolting up the stairs. Then he's knocking on Ben's door, anxiously awaiting Beverly's answer. When she finally comes to the door, she's drowning in one of Ben's t-shirts and her hair is the dictionary definition of bed head. Richie momentarily feels bad about waking her, but then he remembers that this is the most important situation ever, and that he needs her. She can sleep later.

"Tozier, what the fuck? It's like, 6 AM your time," Beverly gripes, running a hand through her hair.

"I slept with Eddie last night," Richie states. She immediately motions him inside.

"You *slept* with *Eddie* ?" Bev exclaims. "Please, explain to me how that happened."

"Well, Bev, there's a top and a-"

"Not that, dipshit. How you and Eddie ended up in bed together after all this bullshit."

Richie grins as he begins his explanation. "Okay, so like, I was tipsy. Drunk, even. I was alone on the couch downstairs because Stan and Mike had gone upstairs to fuck. And then Eddie came over to me, also drunk, and sat on my lap and started how much he missed me and how much he missed my cock-"

"Beep beep, Richie," Beverly scolds.

"Hey! I'm just telling the story!" Richie defends before returning to his explanation. "Anyways, he kept trying to get me to sleep with him, and I kept saying no, because for some reason I had self control or something. And then I told him he should go to bed, so I walked him up to his room to go to sleep. And then he asked me to lay with him for a bit, and like, I had already refused sex. I'm only human, and when the man I love asks me to lay with him, I'm going to say yes. So then I was laying next to him, and he started saying how he didn't know why he was with Chris and that he was insecure about me taking me back or whatever. And so I told him that I would always and forever want to take him back. And then we kissed. And then, you know, sex stuff happened."

"Goddamn. I mean, it's about time, but wow. So like, where are you guys now?"

"Good fucking question! He kicked me out this morning, and then Chris came over and Eddie told him what happened, and Chris tried to beat the shit out of me. Thankfully, your boyfriend stepped in before any damage could be done to this beautiful face," Richie says with a smile, motioning to his face. Bev smiled, but mostly because Ben really was a knight in shining armor for *everyone* .

"Anyways, then Chris told Eddie it was over and called me a bisexual slut, which was very fun to hear, and then he left. And then Eddie apologized, but before I could say anything, he just left and went back to his room." Richie laid back on the bed when he finished his story.

"Wow. You have had an eventful twelve hours. Also, now I know what all that noise was. I just pulled a pillow over my head and rolled over," Bev giggled as she spoke.

"So what the fuck do I do, Bev?" Richie groaned, half out of desperation and half out of frustration. This whole thing had gotten way too out of hand.

"I think it's about time you tell your man how you feel," Beverly reasoned, as if that was the obvious and only possible choice. Which, yeah, it was the obvious choice, but he could just continue to stew in his heartbreak and try to push his feelings down.

"Fuck. I know you're right. I just - I don't know how. Like, things are so messed up now. I can't just knock on his door and tell him that I'm still in love with him."

"I mean, you could," Bev suggests, but Richie shakes his head. Bev pauses before speaking again. "Okay, then take him out to dinner or something. And then tell him."

"That's not a bad idea, Marsh. I just might have to do that."

And then Richie pretended to tip his hat to Beverly before grabbing the door handle and leaving. He went back to his room, crashing on the bed. He was very tired, considering he did not get much sleep and he was still hungover. Before he allowed himself to pass out, though, he unlocked his phone to send Eddie a text.

(10:17 AM) hey spaghetti do u wanna get food tonight

(10:17 AM) at that thai place nearby

(10:18 AM) just to make up for all the shit that went down this morning haha

He half expects Eddie to ghost him, or at least say no. The three typing dots appear, and he's almost shocked when he sees Eddie's reply.

(10:19 AM) sure. is 6 okay?

(10:19 AM) 6 is perfect <33333

And then Richie sets an alarm for 5 PM, just in case he accidentally sleeps for the whole day. He queues up an episode of *It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia* and lets it play in the background as he drifts back into sleep.

When Richie wakes up, it's 4:45. He barely beat his alarm. He scrolls through his missed notifications, which are mostly just random people liking his instagram post from the other night. There's a few texts in their group chat "losers 4 life" (a name Richie set and no one felt like changing), but it's nothing all that interesting. He has messages from Bev, Bill, and Mike, though, all asking about what he's going to do with Eddie. He quickly types up a message to Bill before copying it and sending it to Bev and Mike, too.

(4:48 PM) were gonna go grab food tonite. that thai place we love. and then im gonna tell him that i love him and hes probably gonna freak out and reject me, but its whatever

He stares up at his ceiling, trying to prepare himself for tonight. He has no idea what the fuck he's doing. He doesn't even know if he's actually going to go through with it. But, hey - there's no time like the present, right?

Richie drags himself out of the bed, still a little groggy from the nap, and heads to the bathroom. He figures he should shower and get himself nice and pretty for his Eddie Spaghetti. When he looks at himself shirtless in the mirror, he notices the bitemarks along his collarbone. He feels smug, knowing Eddie left them.

When he gets in the shower, he notices he's got some lip-shaped bruises on his thighs, too, and that just sends a wave of heat to his

stomach. He wills himself to focus on the matter at hand and not his hard dick, and he ultimately succeeds.

By the time he returns to his room, it's almost 5:30. He had taken a longer shower, just standing under the hot water and freaking out about tonight. He figures it will take him the next thirty minutes to pick the perfect outfit and get ready, so he throws on a playlist and gets to work shuffling through his drawers.

When the clock hits 5:55, he's dressed. He doesn't know why he took so long deciding, because he ultimately ended up in a dreadful hawaiin shirt thrown over some random band tee, a pair of black jeans, and his trusty vans. A classic Richie outfit.

He swings open his door, ready to go knock on Eddie's to check if he's ready. But when the door opens, he's met with a nervous looking Eddie staring back at him. Richie jumps a little, scared by Eddie's unexpected presence.

"Geez, Eddie Spaghetti. You scared me there!" He'd been careful not to call him Eds since this morning. Something just felt different about the last time Eddie told him not to call him that, so he told himself he would wait a little while before picking it back up.

"Sorry, sorry. I just was ready and was going to see if you were. I see you are," Eddie replies, seeming a little out of it.

"I sure am, my spaghetti man. And you look like you are, too. Might I say, you look dashing as always." Richie slips into his mediocre British accent for his last sentence, earning an eye roll from Eddie.

"Alright, should we go, then?" Eddie asks. Richie notices he's fidgeting with the hem of his shirt, which means he's pretty nervous. It's comforting, knowing he's not the only one feeling anxious about this evening.

The drive to the restaurant is on the quieter side. It mainly consists of Eddie criticizing Richie's music and then also criticizing Richie's driving. He's glad when they finally arrive because it means he can have at least a minute of Eddie not tearing him apart.

Once they've been sat, they start talking mindlessly about what they're going to order.

"Should we get the sweet and sour stir fry and the shrimp pad thai to split? Or is that weird?" Eddie asks, his hesitancy evident in his voice. Richie just nods enthusiastically. When the waitress comes back, Eddie places their order, and for a moment, everything feels the same as it was. It feels like nothing stupid happened, and this is just one of their normal date nights. It's not, though, and Richie remembers that he needs to tell Eddie how he feels before he chickens out.

He considers waiting until after they've eaten, so that they don't have to sit through an awkward meal if things don't go well, but he knows that if he does that, he'll just find a reason not to say anything and then be at the same damn place he was at the beginning of the night. So he resolves to just say it now. It's now or never, probably literally, because Richie doubts he'll ever come this close to admitting his feelings for Eddie ever again.

"Hey, Eddie. I, uh, have something I need to tell you," Richie says nervously.

"What is it, Chee?" Eddie says. There's a comforting aspect of his voice, and Richie feels better for a moment. It helps him relax, even if it just slightly.

"Please don't freak out, okay. Promise me you won't freak out?"

"It's hard to promise that when you aren't giving any hints! What if you killed someone, or have been lying about your identity this whole time, or-"

Richie cuts him off. Normally he'd love to listen to Eddie ramble, but right now, he needs to speak.

"I'm in love with you. Still."

Eddie's eyes are wide, staring back at Richie in disbelief. Richie can feel the flush in his cheeks, and he's starting to think he has made a terrible mistake.

"I'm sorry, you're *what* ?" Eddie asks. It's hard to read his tone right

now, so Richie has no idea where this is going to go. He's about to speak up again when the waitress returns with their food. He waits for her to leave again before answering Eddie.

"I'm still in love with you." And then, "Sorry if that's a bad thing."

Notes for the Chapter:

> i apologize for how long this took me to update!!! i've been sick these past few days and just felt out of it. i'm hoping to wrap this fic up in the next week or so, though!
>
> thank u all for reading and commenting and visiting me on tumblr!!!!!!
>
> my tumblr is birightsrichie if u wanna come holler! and u can find a little more of my writing there, too! (just reddie oneshots, really)

12. take as long as you need

Summary for the Chapter:

> "So, uh, not to pressure you or anything, but where are you with all this? Cause I did just confess my undying love for you, so it would be nice to get a feel for how you're feeling."
>
> title is from "overlap" by catfish and the bottlemen!!!

"You're *in love* with me? Are you being for real right now? I swear to God, if you are playing a prank on me I will-"

"No, no! I'm, uh, being for real. Yeah," Richie says, voice quiet and a little bit scared.

"Why - why didn't you say anything?" Eddie asks. Their food sits between them on the tale, neither daring to touch it. They're frozen in this moment.

"Well, I was gonna when we all got back, but you seemed fine, so. And then the whole Chris thing and all that. But like, I figured I might as well be truthful now. Considering it has been eating me up for months now."

"Wait, I thought you were seeing that radio girl?"

"Oh, Hannah? Nah, I took her here and then, uh, cried before we could even order because I remembered coming here with you. I just didn't want to say that in front of you that night so I lied," Richie says sheepishly. He's finally reaching forward and pulling some of the stir fry onto his plate. Eddie follows his lead, shoveling some pad thai onto his.

"I'm so confused. How did I not know?" Eddie asks, almost as if he was asking himself.

"I don't know. I was terrible at being secretive about it, so really, I have no idea."

"I guess I just thought it was normal Richie behavior. Like, all the flirting and stuff," Eddie says, dipping his fork into his food.

"Yeah, because I act like that with the rest of our housemates," Richie quips, voice thick with sarcasm.

It's quiet for a moment. Neither of them knows what to say, what to do next. They take a few seconds to just eat, but then Richie gets impatient.

"So, uh, not to pressure you or anything, but where are you with all this? Cause I did just confess my undying love for you, so it would be nice to get a feel for how you're feeling."

"I - I don't know," Eddie says with a lost expression. Richie's face falls, which Eddie must notice, because he says, "I'm sorry, Chee. I just. I need some time, okay? I just - I thought you were done with me when you suggested we break up last year. I need to unpack my feelings."

"Yeah, that makes sense. Take your time. And, uh, I didn't want to break up. I was scared you did so I was giving you an out. In hindsight, that was not my best move," Richie chuckles, trying to ease the tension. Eddie gives him a weak smile.

They return to normal conversation while they finish eating. They bicker and joke around and things feel comfortable. Of course, in the back of Richie's mind, he's still thinking about how he just told Eddie he still loves him, and Eddie asked for *time* , and how he should be freaking out about it.

When they finally get home, Eddie says he's going to go take a shower and turn in for the night. Richie wanders into the kitchen, where Mike and Stan are doing yet another puzzle. RIchie really needs to ask them what's so great about these puzzles.

"So, I told him," Richie states, opening the fridge to grab some juice.

"Can you give us more context?" Stan asks, eyes on the puzzle, as always.

"Sure. I told Edward Kaspbrak that I, Richard Tozier, am still

helplessly in love with him."

That draws Stan and Mike's attention. Their eyes rip away from the puzzle, focusing on Richie.

"You did? Like, really? Finally?" Mike asks. He's excited, Richie can tell. But then he watches Mike's face fall a bit, probably realizing that despite the love confession, Richie is not currently making sweet love to his man upstairs in his bedroom.

"What did he say?" Stan questions tentatively. Despite being Eddie's best friend, it seems like Stan has no idea what Eddie would say in response to Richie's confession.

"That he needs time. Which, I guess it's not a no, so it could be worse. I don't know. It hasn't really sunk in yet."

Stan and Mike nod, both seemingly deep in thought.

"I think he'll come around. He's just used to repressing his feelings. He's just gotta have a few minutes to figure it out. Give him the time he asked for, and I think things will work out," Stan has a warm expression on his face. It's comforting, knowing that Stan, the man who used to be so against this whole relationship, is now so supportive of it. It probably has something to do with the whole Mike thing.

"Well I sure hope so. I don't know how much time he needs, but I feel like I'm going to explode already. I'm going to go resist the urge to get drunk or high!" Richie calls as he turns around, heading upstairs. He doesn't know what he's going to do, but something.

Richie doesn't want to be dramatic, but he is quite literally dying at this point. Which is pitiful, considering it's only midnight. He told Eddie mere hours ago. Of course he's not ready yet.

But still, Richie wishes he was. He's spent so much time not with him that it's really starting to kill him. And now that Eddie knows he feels this way, the fear is taking over, too. Like, what if Eddie doesn't want him back?

Richie tries to remind himself of all the signs, of how Eddie has acted recently. Like, that should be enough, right? It's clear that he misses him. Right? Richie really fucking hopes so.

He's on his third stand up special of the night, watching Hasan Minhaj's *Netflix* special. It's probably a little too real for this moment, considering how much he's talking about love and all that. But Richie keeps watching, because it's also hilarious and it's doing enough to distract him.

He's got a half-eaten box of Froot Loops propped up next to him on his bed and he's shoveling them into his mouth dry. If Eddie were here, he would berate him for such a weird habit. But Eddie's not here, and that's pretty much why he's stuffing his face with handfuls of dry cereal.

At some point, he starts drifting off. He's not sure when, though. He just knows it's in the middle of Hasan's set.

He's woken up a few hours later by a knock at his door. When he comes to, he's got a dead laptop balanced on his lap, and his hand is embarrassingly still in the box of Froot Loops. His neck feels stiff from the way he fell asleep. He's so disoriented he forgets why he was woken up in the first place until he hears another soft knock.

He scrambles out of bed, not even thinking to cover up. He's only in his boxers, because he's a man of taste and likes to be comfortable when he sleeps. He swings the door open to find Eddie on the other side of it. He's about to speak when Eddie surges forward, crashing their lips together.

Oh. *Oh.*

Richie resists the urge to pinch himself because he's pretty sure he's dreaming. His Eddie is here, at his door, at two in the morning, kissing him. Their lips stay pressed together for a long moment, the kiss deep and passionate. When Eddie pulls back, he's illuminated by the light coming from the hallway bathroom. It makes him look ethereal, the light serving as a backdrop for his form.

"I love you, too."

And at that, Richie nearly cries. Okay, a few tears slip out, but who can blame him? The love of his life is at his door confessing his feelings. Let the man cry, damn it.

"I'm sorry I didn't say it earlier. I don't know, I guess I was scared. It was all so real. I didn't think I would ever have a chance to get you back, that's why I've been so fucking stupid these past few months. Fuck, Richie. I wish I hadn't been. We lost so much time just because I was too stubborn to come to you and tell you how I felt. I'm sorry for that," Eddie finishes, his voice breaking on the last sentence. Richie sees a few tears falling down his cheeks. He pulls Eddie in close, and it's so perfect. It's like everything that was ever wrong is finally right again.

"It's not solely your fault. I should have said something sooner. Or, really, I never should have been that stupid at the end of the last semester. I'm sorry, too. But you know what? We have now. That's enough for me."

Eddie pulls back from Richie's chest to press their lips together again. This kiss is slow and filled with emotion, but there's a hint of need, of desperation. Eddie's hands are back in Richie's hair, pulling him impossibly closer. Their bodies are flush against each other, but it's still not close enough.

This time, when Eddie pulls back, it's to say, "So, not to ruin this moment, but you answered the door practically naked, and it's been too long since we've had sex sober, and I would really, *really* like to get dicked down."

Richie smirks back at him, pulling him back in for a kiss, this time sloppy and wet.

"I think I can help you out with that, Eds," Richie says as he pulls Eddie towards his bed.

Notes for the Chapter:

> YES they are finally not stupid! YES the next chapter will be sexy and emotional. YES i will try to update it soon and probably will, considering i write more

when i have actual school responsibilities (case in point, i have an essay due tomorrow that i have not started and i wrote this instead).

pls come chill on tumblr!!! i am birightsrichie !!! and as always, ur comments and kudos give me a will to live!!!

13. piece things back up for me

Summary for the Chapter:

> Richie crawls on top of him, instantly pressing their lips together again. He can't enough of Eddie. He wishes he could permanently kiss him, like just always have his lips on Eddie's. And yes, that's so impractical, but it's what he wants. He'll settle for this, though, since it means he's kissing Eddie at all.
>
> title is from "intermission" by catfish and the bottlemen

"Fuck, Rich. I've missed this," Eddie says as Richie peppers kisses along his jaw.

"Me too, Eds. So much. So fucking much."

Richies slips his hands under Eddie's shirt, mapping the expanse of Eddie's chest. The skin there is warm and inviting, and Richie feels so comfortable. Eddie arches into his touch when a finger brushes over his nipple. He was always so sensitive there.

"Get this off," Richie mumbles against Eddie's neck, pulling at the hem of his shirt. Eddie pulls back, only for a moment, and tugs his shirt over his head. Richie runs his eyes over Eddie's body, taking in every mark that he had left the night before. Eddie blushed under his gaze.

Richie's lips found Eddie's again, meeting him with a passionate and deep kiss. Richie reached his hands down and started fiddling with the button on Eddie's pants, struggling to pop it open. Finally, he gets it and slides Eddie's jeans down.

"Eddie, why the fuck are you wearing jeans at two in the morning?"

"Shut up, dickwad. I was too busy freaking out for the past few hours to change," Eddie huffs out, no real heat in his voice.

Richie pushes him back onto the bed, relishing the way he looks

against Richie's bedspread. It's a sight he never thought he'd be lucky enough to see. He feels tears start to burn at his eyes, so he forces his brain to focus on the fact that Eddie is right in front of him and he's *hard* and *wanton* and he's really *there* . With Richie. At last.

Richie crawls on top of him, instantly pressing their lips together again. He can't enough of Eddie. He wishes he could permanently kiss him, like just always have his lips on Eddie's. And yes, that's so impractical, but it's what he wants. He'll settle for this, though, since it means he's kissing Eddie at all.

Richie starts trailing his lips down Eddie's neck, stopping to suck a mark into the flesh. He melts when Eddie lets out a breathy moan that he's positive sounded like *Richie* . His lips continue down Eddie's body, nipping at his skin and leaving marks on his flushed skin. Because he can do that now. Because Eddie is his again.

Finally, he finds himself at the waistband of Eddie's briefs. He looks up at Eddie, taking in his desperate expression, before pressing his mouth against his erection. He mouths at him through his briefs, nearly coming in his pants when Eddie lets out an obscene moan at the friction. Richie continues to do this for a moment, enjoying the sounds spilling from Eddie's mouth.

" *Richie* , you have to do something. *Please* ," Eddie begs, and Richie's not one to deny him. He hooks his fingers under the elastic band of Eddie's briefs and pulls them down. Eddie's cock springs up, hard and red and leaking. It's perhaps the most beautiful sight Richie's ever seen. Well, second most beautiful (Eddie will always be first).

Richie presses a kiss to the head of Eddie's cock, and the whine Eddie lets out should be illegal. He opens his mouth, taking just the tip in his mouth and swirling his tongue. He pulls back, swiping his thumb over Eddie's slit and gathering some of the precum that had already leaked out. He spreads it down Eddie's cock, using it to make his pumps smoother.

Richie brings his lips back down to Eddie's dick, taking him into his mouth again. This time, though, he sinks down further and sucks him in earnest. Eddie's hands fly to his hair, tangling into the dark curls and tugging slightly. Richie moans around Eddie, and the vibrations

cause Eddie's hips to buck involuntarily. Richie gags slightly, but doesn't pull off. He keeps bobbing his head, basking in the whines being pulled from Eddie's throat.

"Fuck, Chee. I'm gonna come, fuck," Eddie says, warning Richie that it's time to pull off. He doesn't, though. He just takes him further into his throat and hollows his cheeks, and that's all it takes for Eddie to come down Richie's throat in hot spurts. Richie swallows as he pulls his head up.

Eddie is gazing at him with nothing but love. Okay, lust *and* love. He looks so fucked out and beautiful. Richie decides this is one of his top ten favorite things he's ever seen. Probably top three, even.

"Rich, I wanted to come with you inside me," Eddie says through a mock pout.

"Don't worry, baby. You'll come again. I just wanted to make you feel good tonight," Richie says, voice low and full of adoration for the man under him.

At that, Richie leans over and tugs open his the drawer in his nightstand, pulling out the lube and a condom. He leans over and presses a kiss to Eddie's forehead before settling back down between his legs. He pops the cap to the lube, squirting some into his palm and warming it as he spreads it around his fingers.

His fingers find Eddie's rim quickly, pressing against the puckered muscle. Eddie mewls at the sudden contact, hips pressing down and trying to get something inside him. Richie takes the cue and slowly presses his pointer finger in, drinking in the moan ripped from Eddie's throat at the intrusion.

"Fuck, baby, Eds. Love seeing you like this," Richie groaned, pumping his finger in and out slowly as Eddie adjusted. It didn't take him long, and suddenly Eddie was begging for more. Richie obliged, sliding a second finger in along with his first. He pumped them in and out at a deliberate pace, waiting a moment before he started to scissor them. He was torn between taking his time with Eddie, really opening him up, and just rushing through it so he could finally get his dick in Eddie again. He decides on the former.

Once Eddie's adjusted to Richie's two fingers, he slides in a third. Eddie is coming apart in front of him, reduced to a mess of moans and whines. As Richie brushes against Eddie's prostate, his hips jerk. Richie has to press his own hips against the mattress to get some friction on his aching dick.

"Richie, *please* , fuck me. I'm ready," Eddie begs, looking down at Richie with want on his face.

Richie pulls his fingers out before sliding on the condom and slicking himself up with lube. He presses the blunt head of his dick against Eddie's entrance, slowly sliding in. Once he bottoms out, he stops, giving Eddie time to adjust. Eddie leans forward and connects their lips, kissing Richie until he's ready.

"You can move now, Rich."

And then Richie pulls out, sliding his hips back in and thrusting his deep. He fucks Eddie steadily with slow, deep thrusts. While he would normally be spouting off all the dirty thoughts running through his head right now, he can't find the capability to do so. Instead, he just fucks into Eddie, letting out little whines and *Eddie Eddie Eddie's* .

Before he realizes it, there are tears sliding down his face and dripping onto Eddie.

"Rich, baby, are you okay?" Eddie asks, voice soaked with worry. Richie keeps thrusting into him, but he still answers Eddie's question.

"Yes, fuck, baby, yes. I'm more than okay. I - I didn't think I'd ever get to have you again. I thought I'd lost you because I'm a fucking idiot and now that you're here and you're under me and I'm with you, fuck, I'm just so happy. It's just - everything just feels right again."

By the time he finishes, there are tears spilling out of Eddie's eyes, too.

"I'm so sorry I took so long, baby. I love you, okay. I fucking love you."

"I love you too, Eds. My Eds."

Richie's movements get sloppier as he feels his orgasm approach, so he wraps his fist around Eddie's cock. It only takes a few tugs to have Eddie coming all over both of their stomachs, and Richie follows right after him. He fucks Eddie through both of their orgasms, only pulling out when the stimulation is too much.

He passes Eddie a wet wipe and grabs one for himself as well before taking both the condom and the used wipes and throwing them out. He returns to bed, wrapping his arms around Eddie and pulling him in close.

"I love you. So much. I'm so glad to have you in my arms again," Richie whispers against Eddie's neck.

Eddie turns his head to press a kiss to Richie's neck. "Me too, babe. I don't ever wanna leave again."

Richie's heart flutters at that, at the thought that Eddie wants him just as much.

"Does this mean you're my boyfriend again?" Richie asks after a moment of silence.

"I sure hope so. If you want," Eddie says back sheepishly.

"Of course. Eddie Spaghetti is my boyfriend. I could shout it from the rooftops."

"You'd fall and you know it," Eddie laughs out.

And this is so comfortable. The two of them, curled together and joking around. It really feels like things are finally right again, because they are. Richie thinks about how lucky he is now that Eddie is back in his arms.

And that's how they drift off to sleep: bodies intertwined, foreheads pressed together, and hearts full of love.

Notes for the Chapter:

> yooooo there's some emotional smut for u all because these morons are finally back together!!!

i have planned out my next fic and i might post the first chapter sometime this weekend??? it's gonna be another college au where eddie is tutoring richie in french ok. i'm excited bc im a french nerd.

i hope u like!!!! comments and kudos make my heart go BOOM!!! and as always, come hang on tumblr at birightsrichie !!!